

INSIDE: President Reagan's radical surgery

Maclean's

JULY 22, 1985

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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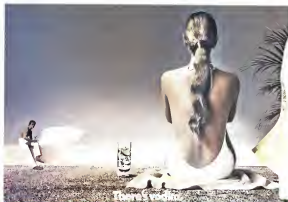
TWO DAYS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

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and now





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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JULY 26, 1985 VOL. 16 NO. 30

COVER

The legacy of Hiroshima

On Aug. 6 and Aug. 9, 1945, United States B-29 bombers dropped an atomically powerful new weapon, the atom bomb, on the unsuspecting Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, causing death and destruction on a scale previously unimaginable. With that, a nuclear arms race, which now threatens the future of planet itself, began. — Page 26

COVER PHOTO BY NICHOLAS



Fighting the fires of summer

Thousands of firefighters and volunteers in Canada and the western United States battled fires which had forced the evacuation of towns and villages. — Page 9



A startling tennis triumph
Wimbledon men's singles champion Boris Becker of West Germany returned home to receive a hero's feast—and a back from the German weekly *Der Zeit*. — Page 48



Reagan's brief crisis

U.S. President Ronald Reagan temporarily transferred power because of his major surgery last week, but took back the reins less than eight hours later. — Page 26



The comeback queen

After years as a battered wife and a frenetic force in America's favorite soul revue, singer Tina Turner has bounced back to become the sexiest woman in pop. — Page 44

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Equally barbaric

Your coverage of the taking of the American hostages and the realities of American politicians has been extensive and informative ("The pawns of terror," Cover, July 1). However, there is one aspect of the situation that I do not understand. How can it be so barbaric for the Israelis to hold 700 citizens of Lebanon, whom they have taken by force after destroying their homes, than it is for Lebanon Shi'ites to hold a much smaller number of Americans? The murder of the American servicemen was indeed barbaric, but so was the invasion of Lebanon. What can be more barbaric than to see shells and bombs smashing into buildings occupied by families, wherever those families may be? The life of one human being is as sacrosanct as that of another.

—GREGORY A. ROSE,
Kelowna, B.C.

The mystery of Mengele

I am intrigued. Was Josef Mengele deliberately left in the lurch ("Tides of the East Sea," Cover, June 24)? There was a man accused of the most heinous crimes against humanity in general and the Jews in particular. The United States, West Germany and Israel wanted to bring him to justice. The investigating capabilities of the United States and Germany must be among the best in the West. The competence, sophistication and effectiveness of the Israelis are legendary. There were leads galore. The odd figure of Mengele himself, his almost solitary and exposed existence for 10 years in the quiet, inaccessible part of Brazil, his family in West



Hostage Alyn Conwell, sacrosanct

Germany, correspondences, transatlantic trips were all there for the snatching. So how come he escaped justice?

—J.S. DAKO,
Windsor

Not amused Down Under

I hardly know whether or not to write a satirical response to Allan Fotheringham's column on, of all things, "The real threat to America," May 27. If the piece was intended in a light-hearted vein, then your readers are indeed easily amused. What is distasteful about the piece is its indigence, overstatement and sheer intellectual sloppiness, which, incidentally, say much about your country than they do about mine. All Canadians should be deeply embarrassed if this sort of cost-grade journalism finds expression in your national pressings.

—P.A. CONROBERT,
Sydney, Australia

Every society has its undesirable, and they tend to find associates with similar stains at home and abroad. Allan Fotheringham had no trouble in either London or Australia. —KELLY B. FITZGERALD,
Kimbri, Australia

Giving it all away

I rely on Lawrence O'Toole's keen observations to filter the good from the bad. My only criticism of him is that sometimes he gives too much away. O'Toole that October so much that he told the whole plot in one paragraph ("When the old become new," July 1). Next time, could I read his review without finding out that "the better did it"? —JACQUE GALLAGHER,
Saint John, N.B.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Most correspondence is sent to the Editor. Letters may be sent to: Editor, 177 King St. W., Toronto, Ont. M5H 1K7.

PASSAGES

NOMINATED American career diplomat Thomas Niles, 42, whose foreign service experience extends over 22 years and includes posts in Moscow, Belgrade and Brussels, as U.S. ambassador to Canada, by President Ronald Reagan. An advocate of free trade, Niles was responsible for Canadian affairs at the state department from 1981 to 1983, when amid rain and Ottawa's now-defunct Foreign Investment Review Agency headed a list of controversial transborder topics. Niles, his wife, Correll, and their children, John, 16, and Mary, 14, expect to move to Ottawa shortly after the U.S. Senate confirms Niles in the post.

APPOINTED Wexford film director Peter Pearson, 47, an executive director of Telefilm Canada, the federal film and video development agency, by Canadian Minister of Industry Marcel Masse through an order-in-council of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and the cabinet. Pearson, who resigned from his job as head of Telefilm's broadcast fund last month after Masse fired Andre Lumy, then executive director and Pearson's boss, has held several positions in both film and TV and such industry organizations as the Directors Guild of Canada.

APPOINTED University of Toronto geologist and the university's former president David Stringway, 52, as president of the University of British Columbia, by the university's board of governors. Stringway, who worked on the Apollo space program in the early 1970s before he became chairman and later provost of the geology department at U of T, replaces Susan Enderman, who resigned last month in protest against government education policies, which reduced education budgets and caused the university to raise its tuition fees by 20 per cent last year.

RESCINDED David Stockman, 38, director of the office of management and budget in Ronald Reagan's administration since 1982. A firm defender of the controversial Reagan budget plan and a supporter of smaller government, Stockman is scheduled to leave his job on Aug. 1 and join the New York investment banking company Salomon Brothers on Nov. 1.

DIED Nobel Prize-winning economist Simon Kuznet, 84, died of cancer with pioneering the components of modern economic analysis, at his home in Cambridge, Mass. Kuznet initiated such economic concepts as the gross national product and national income, and won the 1971 Nobel Prize in recognition for his work in using national income accounts to determine growth patterns.

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FOLLOW-UP

A renegade out of power

John Gamble grumbled as the results of the first ballot of the 1983 Progressive Conservative leadership convention were announced. "Seventeen votes," he muttered. "That's terrible." A good renegade, he had campaigned against the CMC, metric measurements, foreign aid, bilingualism and his party's leader, Joe Clark, and he had lost. Then, in the Sept. 6, 1984, general election, he also lost his York North riding, one of only two members of Toronto to be defeated in the Brian Mulroney sweep. Now happily settled into life as a small-town tax lawyer in one of Canada's richest communities, Markham, Ont., Gamble, 51, told Maclean's "Losing an electoral race is nothing to be ashamed of. Abandoning one's principles is."

Gamble said that he has always enjoyed "punching holes at what is wrong." Less than a year after he won the adjacent York North seat from Liberal minister Barnett Danson in 1978, he openly demanded a review of Clark's leadership. He gained notoriety when he was the leader of a handful of Tory MPs to reject an all-party motion to send condolences to Yoko Ono, widow of slain Beatle John Lennon, in 1980. He was one of the dissenting Tories who voted against the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, "because it gives too much power to judges."

But eventually Gamble's penchant for controversy isolated him, and by February, 1984, his own riding association had decided that his right-wing views were no longer welcome. Peter Williams, then vice-president of the York North PC Association, told reporters, "He is seen as an extremist." That month the association tried tooust him from the York North candidacy by overturning his nomination to run for another term in Parliament. Its unsuccessful move was quashed by the Tory national executive, and Gamble retained the nomination. As a result, 10 prominent association members quit.

But the voters accomplished what the association did not when Gamble lost his seat to an independent candidate, Anthony Bluman, a former Conservative. As he pruned a cherry tree in his backyard, Gamble expressed ambivalence about returning to politics. "If there is something one can accomplish in politics, then it's not time to leave," he said. And for a fighter, there is always another battle. —SARAH ANKORHEAD



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Fighting the fires of summer

By Sherri Aikenhead

The people and the forests in the southwestern corner of British Columbia suffered through the greatest danger and devastation. And last week, from coast to coast, hundreds of forest fires raged through un-laked timbered, fanned the evacuation of towns and villages and caused many

In Kimberley residents had government assurances that a major attack on the approaching fire on Thursday had succeeded in holding it. It was then that the town's residents James Dean, 33 "I had no idea at all I left the authorities could handle it." But by week's end B.C. forestry officials had nearly exhausted their resources battling more than 750 fires, and they had started in recruiting out-of-work, inexperienced young men to

Creek, its point of origin, had travelled 28 km toward Canal Flats, destroyed about 25,000 acres of forest and surrounded the town with black smoke. Even more threatening was the possibility of that fire combining with other fires burning out of control in the southeast region, including the Rasmussen Creek fire, and forming a firestorm similar to what in Goose Bay, Lab., late last month. That blast generated winds



Battling the quickly spreading flames near Canal Flats, B.C., with so many fires, reports had to be updated hourly

people to fear for their homes, their jobs and even their lives. Fires blazed out of control in Alberta, Manitoba and Newfoundland, while in British Columbia fires broke out at such a rapid rate that provincial officials began updating the coast hourly. As well, large sections of 14 U.S. states were ablaze, and in California forest fires have killed three people. In the southwestern B.C. lumbering town of Canal Flats, threatened by flames since early in the week, all but a handful of holidays among the 1,600 residents had been associated by the weekend to nearby Kimberley—which was itself in danger of being consumed by a 3,500-acre blaze eight kilometres away from the town of 7,376. Declared B.C. Forestry Minister Thomas Waterland: "We are now in a war situation."

agreement, the 3,000-strong firefighting force in the Canal Flats area, 300 km east of Vancouver, most of the volunteers were unemployed students from the neighbouring town of Nelson, some of whom had never seen a forest fire before. B.C. forestry ministry spokesman Paul Dean told Montreal's *Star* the province had no other source of manpower. Said Dean: "We are not clearing out beer parlors but we are desperate." With Canal Flats still in danger of being overrun by flames, eveners criticized the province's firefighting network. Declared Canal Flats millworker Lloyd Friesman: "They are pretty damn slow and lax. If the mill gets, the town gets."

By the end of the week the province's largest fire, Spas, named after Spencer

which extended the flames by 1.5 m p h and sent smoke over 200 miles into the air. Said Kenneth Colbert, an official in Newfoundland's department of forest, resources and lands: "The air was so turbulent our water bomber could not patrol an area four miles away."

Firefighters in the Goose Bay area deployed 23 aircraft to battle the flames, three of them water bombers from Ontario and Quebec capable of dropping up to 200,000 gallons of lake water in as little as 10 seconds. Although last week Newfoundland officials visited victory over the blaze, firefighters at the high-tech Fire Control Centre in Victoria were still desperately trying to make effective use of the equipment and technology available to them. Forestry stations throughout the

province monitored lightning strikes, which spark 40 per cent of forest fires (people account for the rest), and suggested them as complete. B.C., as 1100 people in support of the province's 30 forest-wing aircraft dropped fire-retardant chemicals on threatened timber stands, 30 portable water pumps and thousands of feet of hose had to be brought in from as far away as Ontario. Declared Fire Control Centre spokesman Kenneth Lantz: "We planned for a

minority of forestry talks about the possibility of contingencies plan for evacuation, everybody jumps right on it and says it's evacuation." Speaking to reporters at a fire control centre near Vancouver, Smith declared: "We don't want to put people into a blinding inferno, but let's be realistic. We're standing in cooler temperatures with blue sky and no smoke." But he said that rangers should avoid the parked forests and should stick to main highways, lakes,

op declared: "One option is to ask for military assistance, so we're going to be thinking of that. We still have some manpower available, but we're stretched." The hardest-hit state was California, where thousands of people were evacuated from their homes, including 4,500 from Los Gatos, 30 km south of San Francisco. Although officials met bravely and cooler weather at week's end had helped their efforts, they warned that there could be more setbacks. Said the Fire Control's Scott Bryson: "The general situation is still very critical."

British Columbia's efforts to stop this season's fires from consuming the province's precious forests have cost the government more than \$1 million a day, said Lantz. "The money is spent as quickly as possible. But when you have to hire 500 men overnight, it adds up pretty fast." With \$20.5 million spent so far this year and 967,000 acres of forest already destroyed, the current season may rival the fiery summer of 1983, when the province lost \$40 million worth of timber—and spent \$40 million on firefighting. In Ontario, where the ministry of natural resources annually spends \$37 million for fire suppression, a 1980 report said that because the policy of attempting to extinguish all fires was "potentially very expensive," a revised firefighting policy was necessary. As a result, the government passed legislation in 1982 under which some fires are allowed to burn as long as they are under control and then and commercial timber stands are not threatened.

B.C. officials say that policy has not been restored in British Columbia because all the province's lumber is too valuable. They add that the impact of the present fires on the province's enormous loss of timber and tourism is so impossible to calculate as the number of fires that will start during the remainder of the season. But one thing is certain: the latest crisis is just the start of a problem that will recur throughout the summer. In fact, forestry spokesman Dean said that in British Columbia, where the forest fire season usually begins in April and lasts until October, the recent outbreaks are "only for the first season." U.S. officials added that concern. Declared Bishop: "We now have the largest forest fires ever on record, and the fire season has just begun." Added Dean: "We could get a light showing, but in a couple of weeks we could experience another dry spell and be plagued with this situation into the fall."

With Gregory Fitchard and Jane O'Hare in Vancouver, Lawrence Jackson in Labrador, Sharon Doyle Driedger in Toronto and correspondents' reports



Devastation near Qat, Calif. thousands of people forced from their homes

normal fire season, but obviously this is abnormal and we just ran out."

In another development on the weekend, some B.C. tourist operators criticized what they said was "unintentional" media coverage of the fire. Said Michael Smith, president of the Rocky Mountain Visitors Association: "What we don't want to happen here is to scare off the tourists. We don't really feel we are getting a fair shake. Every time the

golf courses and surrounding pools."

For their part, U.S. officials of the Federal Interagency Fire Center in Boise, Idaho, said the outbreak of back and forest fires in 14 western states was severely exceeding their resources. As more than 17,000 people—the largest firefighting force assembled in U.S. history—struggled to contain blazes on more than six million acres of land, spokesman William Bish-



The Polar Sea, renewing a long-standing disagreement over Canada's claim of sovereignty in the Arctic archipelago

An American challenge in the Arctic

Next month the U.S. Coast Guard icebreaker Polar Sea will enter the waters of Canada's Arctic archipelago on a voyage that some critics say constitutes a challenge to Canadian sovereignty over the area. Although Washington notified Ottawa in May of the attempted voyage through the Northwest Passage, the United States—which does not accept Canada's claim to jurisdiction over the waterways of the High Arctic—has previously refused to ask Canada for permission to make the trip. Still, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's Conservative government last week seemed willing to allow the voyage to proceed, leading critics to charge that he is compromising Canada's legal claim to the Passage. "The Americans," declared Liberal external affairs critic Jean Chretien last week, "are using their friendship with Mulroney to take away a piece of Canada."

The voyage of the 13,800-ton Polar Sea, one of the world's most powerful icebreakers, raises again the long-standing disagreement between Canada and the United States over who owns the Arctic waterways. That debate became a major issue in 1969, when the sea-strengthened super tanker Manhattan, operated by the Hamble Old & Holburn Co. of New York, sailed westward through the Northwest Passage in Alaska to test the possibility of shipping Arctic oil to ports in the eastern United States in a face-saving gesture, Ottawa

put an official Canadian representative aboard the ship, and in the end the Manhattan was only able to complete its voyage with the assistance of the Canadian Coast Guard icebreaker John A. Macdonald.

But the political controversy over the episode led then prime minister Pierre Trudeau's Liberal government in the following year to pass the Arctic Waters Pollution Prevention Act, which laid down stringent antipollution rules for ships sailing in the Arctic and strengthened Canada's claim to sovereignty over

the region. The law, which Washington objected to at the time, has never been accepted by the United States. An Senator, Prosser, deputy director of Canadian affairs in the U.S. state department, noted last week, "The American legal position has always held that the Northwest Passage is an international waterway."

Washington insists that next month's voyage by the Polar Sea—which will retrace a U.S. air base at Thule, Greenland, and then sail through the Northwest Passage to carry out research for the U.S. Navy in the Beaufort Sea north of Alaska—is not intended as a challenge to Canadian sovereignty. According to John Brennan, acting chief of operations division for the U.S. Coast Guard in Washington, the Polar Sea has what he called "critical operational requirements in the Arctic which are on a tight schedule." Added Brennan: "By using the Passage, she will save \$200,000 in diesel fuel and get to the Beaufort Sea 30 days faster."

Despite the United States' refusal to ask permission for the trip, Ottawa has been co-operative ever since Washington informed the Canadians of the Polar Sea's intended passage on May 21. Last week senior officers of the Canadian and U.S. coast guards met in Ottawa to work out the logistics of the voyage, and to ensure that the route taken by the Polar Sea posed a minimal risk to the Arctic environment. But Canada stopped short

of demanding that the United States ask permission to make the trip. Said Barry MacInnes, director general of the external affairs department's legal branch: "We are not in the business of preventing ships from using the Passage, and so single voyage will affect our legal position. We have simply agreed to disagree."

Critics say that by failing to permit a case, Ottawa may be increasing the risk of environmental damage in Arctic waters—and permitting an erosion of Canadian sovereignty that could undermine Canada's position in any future dispute over the area. As MacInnes acknowledged: "It is one thing for us to assert our claim and another to force the Americans to recognize it." Noted James Fulton, the New Democratic member from Skeena, B.C., whose own riding was the subject of a border dispute with the United States that was resolved in Canada's favor in 1968: "Most of those waters are from nine months of the year, making them non-iceless with the land mass. If we allow the Americans to question our sovereignty in the Passage, it could open the door to a host of other claims."

The voyage has also alarmed northern native groups. Last week Teetj Nipant, a Canadian, the organization representing 27,000 Inuit, attacked Ottawa's "abdication of responsibility" in failing to press its sovereignty claims. The northern body, which called Ottawa's position a "betrayal," also pointed out the potentially damaging environmental impact of unregulated shipping through the Arctic seas. Devalued Black R. Gordon, president of Makivik Corp., an organization representing the Inuit of Quebec's James Bay region: "What now we have had the legacy of 1969 to negotiate environmental protection standards in the Arctic." But, Gordon added, "With the Americans holding the Polar Sea sets our waters, our ability to manage our oceans becomes questionable."

In the meantime, Ottawa is insisting that the Polar Sea's voyage will not damage Canada's territorial claims. External Affairs Minister Joe Clark told the Commons last month that, as with the Manhattan, Canadians would be on board the Polar Sea. "To guide them through waters which we consider to be ours" But that compromise is not likely to silence nationalist critics. Noted Peter Barrett, executive director of the Canadian Arctic Resource Committee, a private organization concerned with Arctic issues: "Canada must strive to put itself in a position to prepare for an international challenge for the waters. Any action with none defends its boundaries, and no ship will be seen breaching the Arctic."

—BRIAN WATKINS in Ottawa



Giddy with wife, Margaret, after denying his candidacy, promising 'new ideas'

First into the fray

Before Peter Leacock announced his plan last month for stepping down as Alberta's premier, he telephoned 13 potential candidates and urged each of them to run for the Conservative party leadership. But as former energy minister Don Getty, the man most likely to succeed Leacock, formally declared his candidacy last week, there were signs that most of the other would-be contenders had decided to stay out of the race. As a result, the party's leadership campaign in Edmonton Oct. 11-13 looked as lean as a cat on a comparison of Getty.

Getty, 51, who left politics in 1979 to pursue a heraldic career in the oil industry, announced his candidacy at an Edmonton press conference. With him were four of Leacock's ministers, including Treasurer Lou Hyndman, who defected earlier in the week that he would not enter the race. Getty dismissed the suggestion that he could suffer from the Turner syndrome—that he

is a year younger from politics could hurt his chances. He insisted that he would bring to the leadership "new ideas gained from fresh experience outside of government."

If Getty's confident entry into the race comes as no surprise, Energy Minister John Sweeney's announcement the following day that he would not be a candidate caught Getty's readers off guard. Many had expected Sweeney, who played a major role in working out new federal-provincial arrangements

on oil and natural gas pricing last March, to be Getty's strongest challenger. Sweeney, 38-year-old father of three young sons, cited family reasons for his decision. But party insiders speculated that Getty already has such strong support within the party that Sweeney contradicted there was no point in running.

In the meantime, two other Leacock ministers—Education Minister Doug King and Corporate Affairs Minister Cosmo D'Astous—announced that they would not run. This narrowed the field to a handful of candidates who might decide to oppose Getty, including Municipal Affairs Minister John Egan, Advanced Education Minister The Honourable Ron Chitbar, a prominent Calgary lawyer and former M.P.

While some Tories welcomed the prospect of a strong party campaign for a single candidate, others feared that a one-man run could set off a gradual erosion in the party's power. Some strategists argued that after more than 13 years of Conservative rule in Alberta, the electorate needed to see a vigorous leadership battle as evidence of renewal within the entrenched party, which controls 76 of the legislature's 78 seats (the New Democrats, with two seats, are the official opposition). Said Merrill Anderson, a prominent Tory who is mayor of Fort Saskatchewan: "The worst thing that could happen is that we don't have a good debate during the leadership race."

—CHUCK BAXTER with Andrew Nikolic and Don Whynagle in Edmonton



Chretien as arbiter of sovereignty

A riding reaps its reward

When Prime Minister Brian Mulroney arrived last week in the isolated fishing community of Havre St. Pierre in his home riding of Manicouagan, he was accompanied by an entourage of more than 30 reporters, cameramen, aides and other bodyguards. As the official motorcade pulled up at the dock, hardware store owner Michel Elias stood watching in the

maximum-security prison and harbor and airport improvement projects—have been directed to the riding.

The cash flow is concerning. The Prime Minister's latest gift to Manicouagan, announced during his visit, was a long-awaited road linking Havre St. Pierre and the picturesque fishing hamlet of Saint-Jacques, home of the celebrated Quebec fishmonger Gilles Vig-

North Shore" are evident when he is there. During his most recent trip, he stopped periodically during the meeting of his inner cabinet in Bas-Cascadia to exchange greetings with a small crowd standing around across the street, and at one point he surprised reporters by revealing down the street to chat with a couple—and later the bride—on their drive in their wedding reception. According to Mayor Roger Thériault of Bas-Cascadia, Mulroney's intense interest in the riding has generated hope of renewed economic prosperity. "When he visits the riding so often," said Thériault, "it's proof to us that the country is not just made up of big cities but also of communities on the periphery."

Still, there are perplexing problems confounding solutions in a riding that stretches into the Pot North and is larger than Poland and Portugal combined. Native leaders told Mulroney when he arrived in the last village of Kooquam, near Ungava Bay, that they expect him to bring services in the region up to southern standards. Moreover, there are signs of competition developing among Manicouagan communities for federal spending programs. To that end, an article in the *Nord-Est* newspaper advised readers to intensify their lobbying efforts or risk being left out.

Mulroney's aides insist that the Prime Minister is not raising a risk of raising unrealistic expectations in Manicouagan or of appearing to favor that riding over others. "The people in that riding," said Margot, "have been neglected for a long time and he's just giving them what he thinks they deserve." Mulroney is possibly driven as well by memories of his 1982 decision as president of the Inco Co. of Canada to shut down most of the firm's mining operations in Schefferville, an action that turned one of Manicouagan's largest communities into a virtual ghost town. Mulroney avoided Schefferville during the election campaign and he has not been there since taking office. In the meantime, he admits that his efforts in Manicouagan are part of a larger plan to give Canada's outlying communities "a fair shake." At the same time, he acknowledges that he intends to take particular care of his own huge riding. Noted Mulroney on his last trip: "We have a country here, and a country deserves special attention."

—MICHAEL ROSE for Star Canada



Mulroney with local children: peripatetic politicians in a sprawling constituency

chilly drink along with about 300 other townspeople. But Elias was soon back at work as rain-drenched members of the external news media descended on his shop to severely deplete the available stock of rain slickers, woolen coats and rubber boots. That influx of cash into the local economy was a telling illustration of what happens when the local member of Parliament also happens to be the Prime Minister.

Mulroney's latest visit to his sprawling riding on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence River was his fourth since the Sept. 4 federal election. The trip, which included a tour of remote communities accessible only by plane or boat, was his latest attempt to honor election pledges to visit the riding often and reward voters for casting Liberal member André Malchaire, who won Manicouagan by a 16,600-vote margin in 1986 and lost it to Mulroney by 30,887 votes last year. Since then, Mulroney, who grew up in the riding, has made at least 10 visits. He has made certain that almost \$100 million in federal projects—including a

new rail, 96 km to the east. Mulroney also announced a federal railway to help build 36 km of new road in the area around Elzev Sablon, just across the Strait of Belle Isle from St. Barthelemy. Together, the two projects will cost Ottawa about \$50 million and create 600 short-term local construction jobs. As Elias observed, "If things don't start to move when the Prime Minister is your MP, they never will."

Indeed, Mulroney gives constant and careful attention to his riding. When he is in Ottawa, he takes time every Monday afternoon to attend to Manicouagan's affairs with Keith Morgan, a native of Montreal who is his senior adviser for the riding. And Keith will reward a three-minute radio message for the constituency, upon letters and make telephone calls to constituents and news lobbyists from the area. Explained Morgan: "He is extraordinarily keen to know what is going on in the riding."

The strength of Mulroney's feelings for the region that he calls "my beloved

that the Prime Minister is not raising a risk of raising unrealistic expectations in Manicouagan or of appearing to favor that riding over others. "The people in that riding," said Margot, "have been neglected for a long time and he's just giving them what he thinks they deserve." Mulroney is possibly driven as well by memories of his 1982 decision as president of the Inco Co. of Canada to shut down most of the firm's mining operations in Schefferville, an action that turned one of Manicouagan's largest communities into a virtual ghost town. Mulroney avoided Schefferville during the election campaign and he has not been there since taking office. In the meantime, he admits that his efforts in Manicouagan are part of a larger plan to give Canada's outlying communities "a fair shake." At the same time, he acknowledges that he intends to take particular care of his own huge riding. Noted Mulroney on his last trip: "We have a country here, and a country deserves special attention."

—MICHAEL ROSE for Star Canada

Rays of hope for an unpopular airport

By Bruce Wallace

Sited in the klutas of the farm-where where the land here, New LaLande, 61, nearly contemplated the back of his 90-by-135-m property near St-Basile-de-la-Paix, 40 km north of Montreal. The plot was part of a 200-acre dairy farm that was his father's and grandfather's before him.

But in 1980 Ottawa appropriated almost all of that land to make way for the construction of Mirabel International Airport, which now has a discredited record—abandoned by air travellers and regarded by many as a major planning disaster. Now, LaLande and more than 1,000 other former property owners in the area have indicated that they want to buy back their land following Ottawa's decision to sell off as many as 71,000 acres of the expropriated land, in tacit recognition of the fact that many mistakes were made at Mirabel.

Ottawa's action, which was given legal force by a cabinet order-in-council last month, took place after Mirabel-area farmers and Canada Lands Co. (Mirabel) Ltd. worked out an agreement last spring ended a 26-year battle by the farmers, who refused to accept Ottawa's expropriation measures and fought to get their land back. But for LaLande, who may not be able to afford to repurchase his 61-hectare land, the victory has a hollow ring. In 1988 Ottawa paid him \$145 an acre for his land. But now LaLande says Canada Lands Co. (Mirabel) Ltd. is asking \$600 an acre, which he will be able to pay only if he was his federal occupation on the grounds that his land is no longer in cultivatable condition.

"The government made a gross error that hurt out part of my life," says LaLande. "How do you calculate that?"

In the view of critics, the building of Mirabel itself was just an ominous an-

ner. Originally planned to sprawl over nearly 50,000 acres of land—including buffer zones to shield local residents from noise and air pollution—and handle 10 million passengers a year by 1985, the 300-million airport has so far failed to live up to its advance billing. The main reason is simply that the airport, situated 55 km by overcast road routes

smaller airports in such cities as Halifax (which had 1.4 million passengers in 1985) and Edmonton (which had 1.6 million), and far below the 5.5 million passengers who used Montreal's Dorval airport, still the city's gateway for most domestic and transborder flights to the United States. Because so many travellers avoid it, Mirabel recorded a \$4.5-



Mirabel's unexcused terminal: LaLande, for many, getting there is 'a big pain in the neck'

from downtown Montreal, is too remote. Because of that, only 1.3 million passengers passed through Mirabel's handsome glass-and-tile terminal building in 1983—less than were handled by

from downtown Montreal, is too remote. Because of that, only 1.3 million passengers passed through Mirabel's handsome glass-and-tile terminal building in 1983—less than were handled by

million operating last year.

Still, some supporters of the airport contend that Mirabel may yet succeed. People Express Airlines, which provides no-frills passenger service at competitive rates, has applied to the Canadian Transport Commission for permission to begin carrying passengers between Mirabel and its base here in Newark, N.J., just inside New York City. People Express already set up an office at Mirabel and plans to start making three flights daily between Mirabel and Newark at introductory rates of \$20 (U.S.) one way by the end of the month.

Still, some critics say that the airport will never live up to its planners' dreams. Bryan Tully, the director of airports for the Montreal-based International Air Transport Association, said flatly that his organization "cannot see any profitable future for Mirabel." In March, Air Canada president Pierre J. de la Roche, suggesting that the airport should be repurposed as an air traffic control to Dorval. While federal Transport Minister Don Mac-



kindly publicly discussed himself from Jeanette's statement, Massachusetts's gross secretary, then New Brunswick acknowledged that Jeanette was "not the only person who's ever suggested Mirabel be closed. It has to be thought of as an option somewhere down the road if Mirabel doesn't work."

The resistance to travellers to make the long trip to and from the airport was apparent from the start. Indeed, in 1981 the airport administration adopted a white elephant as Mirabel's official symbol.

But the main problem is Mirabel's distance from Montreal, an obstacle that has been heightened by the Quebec government's refusal—because the province says traffic flow does not justify it—to fund completion of Highway 13, which was intended to link Montreal with the airport. Currently, the highway simply ends in a meadow, 11 km short of the airport. As a result, to reach Mirabel buses, cars and taxis have to leave the unfinished highway 40 km north of Montreal and drive over a secondary road to connect with the six-lane Laurentian Autoroute, which passes within three kilometres of the airport (the final leg is over a narrow two-lane secondary road). That roundabout trip takes about 45 minutes and costs about \$45 by taxi from Montreal. The journey tends to leave travellers exhausted. As a result, says Montreal travel agent Robert McFragar, business travellers frequently fly to Canadian destinations via Toronto, Boston or New York, "because they find getting to Mirabel a big pain in the neck."

That is far removed from the vision held by Mirabel's planners when they went to work in 1967. Then, with passenger and cargo traffic at Dorval and most other Canadian airports climbing steadily through the economically buoyant 1960s and projected to keep on growing into the next century, Transport Canada began looking for a site that could handle almost unlimited expansion. There suddenly to reconsider the expropriation of 50,000 acres of dairy and vegetable farmland—an area nearly three times the size of Ottawa's second St. Scholastica's.

The battle that followed was a hard one. After the large expropriations in the late 1960s and early 1970s, farmers who wanted to stay on their land systematically fought the issue through the courts—but without success. In the end, about 10,000 families had to leave the land (in the same period, Ottawa made similar plans for an international airport at Pickering, Ont., 26 km from Toronto, then shelved the project in the mid-1970s after furious opposition and lawsuits by local residents).

Eventually Mirabel came to the reality of a changing global economy. Officially opened in October, 1975, Mirabel

believed to attract the expected passenger traffic as starting up prior to the 1970s pushed up airlines and brought about a steep decline in the industry's growth rate. And while it was originally thought that Mirabel would benefit from the growing market for air cargo, most airlines chose to equip their fleets with jets that could transport a mix of passengers and cargo, rather than the all-cargo jets that were envisaged in the late 1960s. Even though Mirabel's share of air cargo is growing, 30 per cent of the air cargo moving through the Montreal region is still handled by Dorval.

For the longer term, the prospects of making Mirabel profitable are uncer-

tain to the federal government. This fall, has been looking at ways of sweetening Mirabel's reputation for being isolated—possibly by some day building Montreal Major Jean Desjardins' dream of a high-speed rail link to whisk passengers from Mirabel to New York.

Others believe that Mirabel should focus exclusively on its cargo vocations. Rod Serge Pivato, a consulting engineer with Beaudouin's Boston Lapointe Inc., which supervised the construction of Mirabel. "The passenger traffic of Dorval and Mirabel combined doesn't even match the totals of the mid-1960s at Dorval alone. Cargo doesn't care whether it travels by day or by night, let it use



People Express Boeing 737, looking for ways of attracting cargo traffic.

tain at best. Battered by the westward shift of business from Montreal during the politically turbulent 1970s, population growth in the Montreal area has slowed dramatically and is not expected to reach the levels projected when Mirabel was being planned. Indeed, some observers say that Mirabel has already been condemned to failure by the fact that foreign airlines increasingly are more interested in serving airports in Toronto's Lester B. Pearson International Airport, which—in sharp contrast to Mirabel's red ink—turned a profit of \$48.1 million in 1984.

But Ottawa's dilemma is it considers Mirabel's future is that if the airport were to be closed down, Dorval would probably not be able to handle the increased traffic that would result with its existing facilities. For the past seven months an advisory board set up by Transport Canada and made up of Montreal-area businessmen groups has been recommending ways of luring more traffic to the airport. The board, which will report

Mirabel "The advisory board may also consider proposals to make Mirabel an export-free zone, where cargo could remain in storage for extended periods without being subject to import duties. Proponents of the idea contend that such a zone would attract manufacturing companies and importers who want to store goods while they look for buyers."

Another possibility under consideration would be to move more passengers flying to overseas destinations through Mirabel and to make Mirabel, rather than Dorval, the departure point for flights to the United States. Although such a decision might be as popular with many travellers, People's plan is to form Mirabel could prove to be a major benefit. "We are hoping," said Marcel Lefebvre, head of market development for Transport Canada's Montreal Airports Traffic and Sales group, "that normal principles of marketing will apply and that other carriers, seeing People Express flying out of Mirabel, will decide to follow their lead." ◇



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Two days that changed the world

By Ross Laver

In one of the supreme ironies of the modern age that the scientists who designed and built the first atomic bomb were, almost to a man, wary-eyed idealists who believed that by unleashing the atom's destructive energy they were saving the world for their children. Forty years later mankind has learned to equate nuclear warfare with the almost certain annihilation of the human race. But in the summer of 1945 the profound irony of the bomb was not nearly so obvious. The world had been at war for almost six years and it seemed likely that by exploding an atomic weapon over Japan the United States would shock the Japanese into surrender. As a result, without warning on Aug. 6, 1945, a lone American B-29 Superfortress, the *Enola Gay*, dropped in the skies over Hiroshima, released a single bomb and then banked sharply away. Fifty-one seconds later there was a blinding white flash 1,600 feet above ground, and Hiroshima became a smoking city of death.

The bomb destroyed many thousands of men. Various estimates, 206,800 according to the official Japanese account. But it did much more than that. The sudden obliteration of Hiro-

shima—and the similar destruction of Nagasaki three days later—changed the world in ways that none of the scientists who labored so fruitlessly on the bomb project could have imagined. For most of mankind's history it has been possible to envision of war as a kind of heroic crusade, a triumphant but potentially glorious instrument for settling grievances between nations. But with the advent of nuclear weapons that sort of thinking became dangerously obsolete. In an age in which all-out war means global Armageddon, the bomb has become the centerpiece of power politics, its dust-filled mushroom cloud the universal symbol of death and annihilation.

Forty years ago none of these implications was obvious to the scientists who had gathered to make the bomb in a top-secret government laboratory at Los Alamos, N.M. Ross's now-famous director of what was known as the Manhattan Project, the charismatic and brilliant J. Robert Oppenheimer, had only the vaguest idea of the revolutionary nature of the weapon he was creating. He called "the gadget," the atomic bomb that although the atomic bomb would make a "very big boom," it would add nothing to warfare except increased destruction. Later, in a moment of pessimism, he lost his col-

league at Los Alamos that, if it worked at all, the test bomb that was about to be detonated at a remote site in the New Mexico desert—code-named "Trinity"—would leave an evidence of its explosion, lost to a mere 200 tons of TNT. He was astounded and overjoyed when the actual force of the test explosion turned out to be 20,000 tons.

Impassioned and occasionally also overbearing, the researchers' understanding of the bomb's invisible effects, its potential impact on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the bomb's dangers nobody suspected that, to use the risk reduction language, people would have to be so close to the explosion that they would be killed anyway by the force of the blast. Neither they nor the Japanese even remotely suspected that tens of thousands of those who survived the burns and the shock would die later from radiation poisoning, and that hundreds of thousands more would suffer in the succeeding years from cancer, leukemia, mental retardation and other lingering abnormalities. Indeed, when the first reports reached the United States about the delayed lethal effects of radiation called the director of the Manhattan Project, Brig. Gen. Leslie R. Groves, dismissed them as "hoax or propaganda" designed to win Japan international sympathy just how mistaken that assessment had been soon became painfully obvious, but even then Groves preferred to minimize the horrors of radiation poisoning. Testifying before a special Senate committee on atomic energy in November, 1946, Groves stated that those who had received a lethal dose of radiation did "without undue suffering. In fact, they saw it as very pleasant way to die." No one on the committee now fit to challenge his opinion.

Still, some of the bomb's planners believed from the beginning that its use was immoral. A few, including Leo Szilard, the gifted Hungarian-born physicist who in 1933 first outlined the possibility of a nuclear chain reaction, argued that the United States would lose moral standing in the world if it actually used the new means of indiscriminate destruction. Relucted and other concerned scientists engaged in the bomb project even proposed that instead of dropping a bomb on Japan, the United States should demonstrate its new weapon as a barren island before representatives of the United Nations. They contended that such an act might shock the world into disarmament. Still others—including Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the hero of Normandy—argued that the Japanese were already on the brink of surrender, largely because of the overwhelming air and naval bombardment of the U.S. Third Fleet. To use the atomic bomb against a nation already doomed to defeat, Eisenhower told Secretary of War Henry Stimson, seemed like a needless act of cruelty.

But in President Harry S. Truman, his obligation was crystal clear. In his view, the Japanese, already notorious for their savagery in warfare, would hardly mount a feckless defense of their homeland during an invasion. Indeed, chief of staff Gen. George C. Marshall had estimated that half a million American lives might be lost in the battle. At the same time, Truman was well aware of the political risks in longer armed a superpower that had lost its billion to develop and which could see American lives as well, a surprise nuclear attack on Japan would mean only win the war, it would demonstrate the bomb's overwhelming potency to the Soviets, perhaps enabling the United States to dictate the terms of the peace.

But after the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, the weapons that the scientists had hoped would prevent future wars were swiftly become the focus of a new, more deadly, East-West power struggle. The United States had gambled wisely on its monopoly on atomic power would continue for many years. Instead, the Soviets, already well on their way to developing the bomb from information provided by agents within the Manhattan Project, fully rejected any suggestion of international control. The growing rivalry between Washington and Moscow

"Saw our first indication of how things would go after the war," Francis Oppenheimer, physicist, and Robert's brother, later recalled. In August, 1949, the Soviets detonated a test bomb of their own, and the arms race was on. Stunned by the early success of the Soviets' bomb project, Truman ordered a crash program to build an even more powerful weapon, the so-called hydrogen or superbomb that physicist Edward Teller was then promoting. Now Teller was free to pursue his obsession, and in 1952 the world's first thermonu-

clear device, code-named "Mike," exploded over the tiny, remote Pacific island of Eniwetok. It blew more than 100 times the yield of "Trinity." A year later the Soviets exploded their first hydrogen bomb.

Since then, the technology of mass destruction has grown ever more sophisticated. It is now clear that the first nuclear blast, the United States and the Soviet Union together possess an estimated 50,000 nuclear warheads with a combined explosive yield of 20 billion tons of TNT—one and a quarter million times more powerful than the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima. The danger of a Trident nuclear submarine (the United States has six) is armed with six times as much firepower as was expended in the entire Second World War—enough to destroy every major city in the Northern Hemisphere. Beyond that, the terrifying *Carpet Bombers*, once estimated that even a limited nuclear exchange would result in global devastation by severely altering the planet's climate. Dust blasted into the upper atmosphere would block the sun's rays, freeze the continents, cause lakes and rivers to freeze, and create a "nuclear winter." At the same time, there are indications that the governing nuclear theology of deterrence—the doctrine that neither superpower would risk using its nuclear arsenal for fear of being wiped out itself—has gradually been displaced in both the Pentagon and the Kremlin by a theory that it might be possible to fight and win a nuclear war locally, as such new weapon systems are introduced, as each new round of arms talks fails, the world edges closer to the brink of nuclear holocaust.

Still, in some ways, little has changed since the summer of 1945. Many of the veterans of the Manhattan Project, now older statesmen of 70 years and 80s, dominate the U.S. nuclear debate. One group, led by Teller, now 71, champions the development of a "Star Wars" generation of space-based defense systems to guard against Soviet attack. Others, including Hans Bethe, who headed the theoretical division at Los Alamos, are haunted by the memory of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and have devoted the last years of their lives to halting the appalling arms race. For them, it is an act of perjury. As Oppenheimer himself, once put it: "In some crude sense, which is vulgarly, as he says, no overstatement can quite attain, the physicists have known as And this is a knowledge which they cannot lose."

Modern U.S. Pershing missile, capable of carrying a nuclear warhead with 100-kiloton power; by Hiroshima, bomb of 8-15 a.m., Aug. 6, 1945 (right): symbol of death



Atomic bomb



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The dawn of the nuclear age

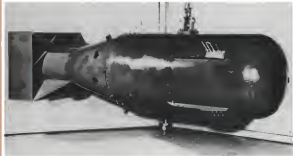
By Bob Levin

On Oct. 11, 1939, as German invaders subdued the last remnants of the Polish Army, a New York banker named Alexander Sachs went to the White House to visit his personal friend President Franklin Roosevelt. Sachs carried a letter signed by the eminent physicist Albert Einstein and

Manhattan Project, among the most massive, literally earth-shaking scientific undertakings ever. By the time of its dramatic climax in a mushroom cloud in the New Mexico desert in July, 1945, the project would cost about \$2 billion, create new factories and even new towns and employ roughly 200,000 Americans, Britons and Canadians—including a conspicuous core of European refugees—all working under the strict-

"Once the chain was discovered," recalls Hans Bethe, a German émigré to the United States who became a prominent member of the bomb project, "every scientist foresaw what was possible—the Europeans, the Soviets, everyone."

Roosevelt's call for action resulted in the formation of a Uranium Committee, which was immediately plagued by extreme secrecy and a tight budget. At



Photo/Time type 'Little Boy' bomb; the 'Tootsie 'Pet-Mee' test sequence at night; 'By hell, the damn thing worked'

partly written by another physicist, Leo Szilard, who had advised Sachs as a messenger. The letter explained that scientists might soon be able to transform the element uranium into a new source of energy which could be used to make "extremely powerful bombs" and that the Germans were already hard at work on the same research. Sachs read the letter to Roosevelt, and the following morning, as the two had breakfast, the President finally understood the significance of the message. "Alas," he said to Sachs, "what you are after is as easy as the Nazis don't blow us up!" Sachs nodded, and Roosevelt summoned his aide, Gen. Edwin (Pa) Wilson. "Pa," the President declared, pointing to the letter, "this requires action."

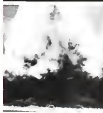
With that, the bomb-building effort began, one that would evolve into the

most secretive. Forty years later many of those scientists are still arguing over whether the atomic bomb should have been dropped on Japan at all and how to control the awesome forces they unleashed.

Explosive: But in 1939 they saw only the most depressing of circumstances: the world was hurtling recklessly toward full-scale war just as physicists were confirming the basic principle behind atomic power—that neutron bombardment of uranium can break apart its atomic structure and release enormous quantities of energy—and it seemed vital to beat the Germans to the bomb. The scientists called the breakthrough "fission," and they determined that a self-sustaining, potentially explosive "chain reaction" of fission could be triggered by neutron bombardment.

At the same time, British scientists were making significant atomic progress, but, with their country consumed by the spreading war in Europe, they appeared to their U.S. counterparts to make an all-out effort.

Finally, in June, 1942, after a six-month trial program and the U.S. entry into the war following the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Roosevelt ordered a crash effort to beat the bomb. The project was assigned to the U.S. Army, which now named the cross-country network of laboratories the Manhattan Engineering District because their new commander, Gen. George Marshall, was headquartered in New York. Soon, however, the Manhattan Project was turned over to career officer Brig.-Gen. Leslie Groves. Bethe and his colleagues, a dogged organizer, "Groovy" Groves quickly set



out to survey his new domain, visiting several labs before arriving at the University of California at Berkeley. There he met a quiet and distant 36-year-old physicist named J. Robert Oppenheimer, who was to become the central figure of the Manhattan Project.

New weapons: The son of a German immigrant who had made his fortune in New York importing textiles, Oppenheimer had gone to Harvard in 1925, where he dabbled in poetry and Hindu philosophy but graduated summa cum laude in chemistry in 1926. Then he spent four years studying physics in Europe. Returning to the United States, he taught at both Berkeley and the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. By the time Groves showed up in California, Oppenheimer was working on an actual bomb mechanism under a title even he found eerie—the co-ordinator of rapid capture—and he had become convinced of the need for a superpower where scientists could pool their knowledge to produce the new weapon.

Groves liked the idea and settled on Oppenheimer to direct the new facility—despite his troubling involvement with communism. "I am not a Communist," Oppenheimer reportedly told investigators. "But I have probably belonged to every Communist-front organization on the West Coast." Indeed, through Communist groups he had channelled funds to anti-France forces in the Spanish Civil War.

His younger brother, Frank, also a physicist, had become a Communist after marrying Canadian-born Jackie Jacobs, and in 1940 Robert and Kathryn (Kitty) Puening, who had been married three times before, the second time to a Communist. Those associations would be used against Oppenheimer after the war, when the Atomic Energy Commission would strip him of his security clearance, but Groves stuck with his men.

Remote: Oppenheimer, who had ridden his horse over the rugged terrain around his summer home in northwest New Mexico, now knew just the place for an isolated experiment: Los Alamos Ranch School for boys, set on a remote 3,500-acre site in the Jemez Mountains. The army acquired it and began pooling together makeshift laboratories and apartments, creating a ramshackle town of unpaved streets, not-preferring town furnishings and shanty-style shacks. Meanwhile, Oppenheimer toured the country recruiting his team of scientists, including such prominent physicists

as Refo, Edward Teller from Italy, and Enrico Fermi from Italy, with the latter assembling the "Grosses" the greatest collection of physicists ever."

Los Alamos was not the only new Manhattan Project community. Immediately after assuming his job, Groves had approved construction on a site at Amesbury, Mass. Groves called this bridge, home to four new factories by war's end. Three of the plants extracted uranium-235 from uranium ore. The fourth was a pilot plant for making a new fissionable element, plutonium. (This process was based on a major breakthrough at the University of Chicago's Metallurgical Laboratory, where, in December, 1942, Fermi had finally achieved the long-theorized fission chain reaction.) Later, a larger plutonium factory—and a third new town—went up at Hanford, Wash.

These plants got 1,200 tons of high-grade uranium ore which was surreptitiously shipped to the United States from the Belgian Congo in 1940. As well, hundreds more tons arrived from the Elzenso mine in the eastern shore of Great Bear Lake in the Northwest Territories. That mine, opened in the early 1800s by Ottawa Valley brothers Gilbert and Charles LeBar, had been closed in 1940. But Mackenzie King's wartime government ordered it reopened in 1942. The United States promptly contracted for the mine's entire output through 1945—much to the irritation of the British. Prime Minister Winston Churchill

all charged that the deal with the Americans "sold the British Empire down the river."

Codes: Indeed, British and Canadian scientists needed the uranium for their own fission experiments. In late 1942 the British moved their research unit to the new Montreal laboratory of the National Research Council, in large part to work more closely with American nuclear scientists based in Chicago. For a time the United States decided to go it alone, but in August, 1943, Roosevelt told Churchill and King in Quebec City and agreed what became known as the Quebec Agreement, signing a declaration that the pact led to a three-phased effort to build a small atomic reactor at Chalk River, Ont., which would produce the first chain reaction outside the United States in September, 1945—two late days before the atomic effort showed signs of success. The agreement sent knowledgeable Canadian and British scientists to help out the overworked investigative teams



Einstein, Albert

at bomb-research sites in the United States.

Even with their new arrivals, the new Manhattan Project team remained officially anonymous. At Berkeley wire-enclosed Site Y—code name for Los Alamos—all incoming staff went to Room 168B, Santa Fe, down in the valley, all outgoing mail was censored. Robert Serber, now 69, was a Jewish physicist in the group's Special Engineering Detachment in Los Alamos, remembers that in letters to his mother in Florida he wrote only that "I'm out here in the West, the scenery is beautiful, and the weather is very nice." Still, in a steady stream of strangers disappeared into the mountains, Santa Fe residents knew something was going on. "But in those days people just didn't ask questions," recalls Betty Brownson, who was 35 years old when her family moved to Los Alamos in 1945.

Security. As it happened—though the worst reports would not appear until after the war—the project's main security problem was not outside whispers but inside spies. One was Alan Nunn May, a British physicist who landed the Soviets a large cache of uranium from the Montreal lab and was later identified by a Soviet Embassy employee in Ottawa, then tried and convicted in London in 1948. Even more damaging was the work of Klaus Fuchs, a German immigrant to Britain, who went to Los Alamos under the Garter Agreement and immediately began providing the Soviets with detailed data.

It would not be until 1949, when the Soviets exploded their own A-bomb long before it seemed possible, that British spy-ring agents would come in on Fuchs. Yet another spy at Los Alamos was David Greenglass, a soldier who worked in the machine shop and, in 1951, would be convicted of passing secrets to his brother-in-law and sister, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, in a still controversial case. Greenglass was sentenced to 15 years in jail while the Rosenbergs died in the electric chair.

Spies. During the war, however, the spies went undetected as the bomb work proceeded. Eventually, Oppenheimer and his team came up with two possible types of weapons: a gun-type device in which one piece of uranium would be fired into another to create a "critical mass"—producing rapid fission—and an implosion bomb consisting of a sub-critical hollow sphere of plutonium surrounded by explosives which, fired simultaneously, would compress the plutonium into an explosive critical state. Not only did the work present staggering scientific and technical problems, but in the process Oppenheimer had to placate a disquieted Congress and medicine confused with the army.

He did it all with a skill that amazed those who had known him earlier. Norman Redburn, now 78, who took courses from Oppenheimer at Berkeley before joining the Los Alamos staff—and who would later accuse him as director of the lab—recalls that "Oppie" was "a very poor lecturer, very distant, almost boring in his speech. But he was sure in charge of the situation here."

By late 1944 the original impetus for the project—the threat of the German bomb—had all but disappeared. The Allied invasion of Europe, begun at Nor-

manche in June, and some U.S. leaders believed the only thing that would bring the Japanese to surrender would be an even bloodier invasion of their mainland—or a couple of well-placed A-bombs.

Target. In the end, after a series of hearings in Washington, as Interior Committee of politicians and scientists, appointed by Truman, arrived at near-net consensus to use the bomb as soon as possible, without prior warning, against a Japanese target that had military significance but was also surrounded by the kind of densely packed civilian buildings most susceptible to its fiery blast—in other words, a city. Another committee was already considering ethical candidates, including Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The Interior Committee recommended Hiroshima and pointed its awe toward the country—and ignited a building of protest. The strongest reaction came from Chicago's Metallurgical Laboratory, where scientists, removed from the frontlines of Los Alamos and Oak Ridge, had time to consider the consequences of the bomb and had already come to international conclusions. The university appointed a committee chaired by Nobel Prize winner James Franck. In June the Franck report warned that if the United States were the first to use the nuclear weapon in warfare, "it would sacrifice public support throughout the world, precipitate the race of armaments and prejudice the possibility of reaching an international agreement on the future control of such weapons." The report also recommended giving a warning of destruction of the bomb in some isolated spot, in part to try to stop the Japanese into surrender. But Oppenheimer advised the Interior Committee that he did not think that "exploding one of these things as a firecracker over a desert was likely to be very impressive," and the committee rejected the Franck report.

But even then, Oppenheimer and his crew were preparing to explode an A-bomb in the desert, not as a public warning but as a private test of the plutonium glass-on-glass as "Fat Man." The site selected for the first-ever atomic blast lay about 35 km south of Los Alamos, in a blistering-hot New Mexican desert that formed part of the U.S. Air Force's Alamogordo Bombing Range. Oppenheimer, taking the name from a John Donne sonnet, nicknamed the site Trinity, and on July 13 a dose of physicists gathered in a ranch house to assemble the core. Present among them was 21-year-old Louis Slotin of Winnipeg, who would die in a radiation accident the following year, but at the time he and others handled their delicate task fearlessly. "There was a lot of tension," re-



Oppenheimer, Fermi, company of epoch



The crew of the B-29 bomber drops Day. Yes, because death, the shelter of worlds

calls Rasmus Schwab, a physicist, who later became deputy director of the lab. "Nobody wanted to drop the thing." Then, there was transported 13 miles to Ground Zero, where it was inserted into the explosive assembly and hoisted to the top of a 100-foot tower. Finally, at 9:10 a.m. on July 16, being mine subdued and the countdown began.

Death. Twenty minutes later came the flash. "It was just unbelievable," remembers physicist John Manley, now 78, who was in charge of moving the predators later from a bunker 20,000 m

from Ground Zero. "The familiar features, like mountain peaks and houses, just stood clearly out of pitch dark." Other observers, looking through plates of dark glass, described intense heat, then a ball of fire, a dust-filled mushroom cloud and an enormous explosion. Later, Oppenheimer, who reportedly told B10 that Fat Man would not work, recalled thinking of words from the Hindu book the Bhagavad Gita. "I am become death, the shatterer of worlds." But other scientists said they had no such thoughts. "No Armageddon," says

ing against the use of the bomb. But even so, the war was about to end. The critics noted among other things that Japanese cities were already badly battered, that their navy and air force were overwhelmed and that U.S. intelligence had intercepted coded messages in which Japanese leaders were acknowledging defeat.

Ultimatum. At Potsdam, Truman did make one concession to the notion of postwar co-operation with the Soviets. He told Stalin that the United States had an unusually high level of trust in the U.S. who, unknown to the Americans but known all about the A-bomb from Fuchs, did not look surprised. "I am glad to hear it," the premier said, "and I hope you make good use of it against the Japanese." The day was July 26. The cruiser Indianapolis, carrying a lead column of warships, was already nearing the Pacific island of Tinian, the planned launching pad for the atomic attacks. Two days later the American, British and Chinese issued an ultimatum demanding that the Japanese surrender immediately but making no mention of the nuclear weapon, and two days after that the Japanese refused. At 8:15 a.m. on Aug. 6, 1945, the U.S. Air Force Superfortresses, they dropped a uranium-charged "Little Bomb" on Hiroshima, and three days later another B-29 released a plutonium "Fat Man" bomb over Nagasaki. For the first and only time, human beings experienced the unimaginable wrath of the new era.



W20. Ann Phlegman



Hiroshima, now (Above: Bomb zone circled) and immediately after the blast (Below). There was no one to come to help.

Survivors of a living nightmare

The morning of Aug. 9, 1945, was hot and humid in the western Japanese port of Nagasaki, the sultry weather adding to the wartime discomforts at the city's small Urakami First Hospital. As well as enduring chronic shortages of food, medicine and equipment, the staff and 70 patients lived in fear of periodic air raids and persistent, disturbing rumors of enemy remains. Then, there were countless reports of an enormously powerful new bomb that had devastated the city of Hiroshima, 300 km to the northeast, on Aug. 6. The daily routine had already been interrupted briefly by an air raid of huge American B-29 Superfortresses bombers. Still, none continued to forsake the gardens where they raised a meager supply of fresh vegetables. And once, assistant physician Tatsuzaburo Akasaki had just begun to examine a patient when he heard the threatening

drum of an airplane. Then, at precisely 11:01 a.m., a brilliant flash illuminated his consulting room with similar intensity, and at that moment Akasaki's life—and the city of Nagasaki—changed forever.

Rubble: In the instant after the flash Akasaki heard a thunderous roar, then the force of a blast knocked down both doctor and patient and sent furniture and ceiling plaster crashing onto them. Akasaki's first thought was that the Americans had mistaken his hospital for a military target and had scared a driver hit with an incendiary bomb. Not far from the three-story hospital in the city's northern outskirts stood the Mitsubishi Ordnance Factory, which had made the torpedoes used in the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941. The morning light had turned to smoldering as the doctor dug himself and his patient out from the mounds of rubble and hurried to check on the other pa-

tients. Windows, doors and plaster had been ripped apart by the explosion, but the building's concrete shell was intact. Akasaki was amazed and relieved to see that most patients had survived with only superficial injuries. It was only then that he looked out a window and realized that Nagasaki, like Hiroshima three days earlier, had been hit by the new and terrible weapon.

Akasaki was riveted by a three-color vision of hell. Where hundreds of wooden houses had stood only a moment before, there was a sea of smoldering flames engulfed every building in the Urakami valley where the hospital and surrounding suburb stood. Telephone poles and trees were wrapped in fire. Above, the sky was blackened by the disaster underlining of a rising mushroom cloud. And between the shrouded sky and the entrance north was a hot, yellow haze bathing the entire valley. In an instant, 20,000 residents of Nagasaki

huddled another 44,000 would die from their injuries: flash burns, lacerations, broken bones and radiation sickness. Another 75,900 suffered minor, nonfatal injuries.

Flash: Forty years later the distinctive and intense Akasaki works at the same clinic, rebuilt and renamed St. Francis Hospital. He belongs to a small Japanese minority known as the *hibakusha*—survivors of the atomic bomb. Over the decades their devastated home cities, the only targets of atomic weapons in warfare, have been completely rebuilt. Except for a few small but evocative monuments, the city planners have left no trace of the bomber destruction. But for the estimated 350,000 surviving *hibakusha* of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, the memory of the terrible black-white flash of the nuclear blast is a living nightmare. The destruction was so complete, Akasaki told Maclean's, that "we felt a contradiction of having survived and yet having lost everything. There was no one to come to help."

Gasps: As he stood mesmerized by the apocalyptic view outside his window, Akasaki said that he thought of the atomic experts who he had been hearing of the devastation of Hiroshima by some mysterious, incredibly powerful force. Indeed, even the scientists who studied the blast after the war would be stunned by the Hiroshima bomb's unimaginable power. The 10-foot-long weapon, which U.S. designers called "Little Boy," unleashed a blast equivalent to 15,000 tons of TNT. As soon as the "Apprentice," the spot immediately below the bomb when it detonated at an altitude of 1,900 feet, was instantly incinerated by the 3,000°C heat. At 600 m from hypocentre, clay roof tiles melted. Down at one kilometre a parked streetcar caught fire, leaving the burned corpse of the passengers standing rigidly in place. At two kilometres wooden fences spontaneously burst into flames. Together, the flash, the pressure wave, the ensuing firestorm and, most insidious of all, the radiation, claimed 118,000 lives in Hiroshima.

In Nagasaki the even more powerful 32-kiloton plutonium bomb, nicknamed

"Fat Man" for its bulbous shape, fell its kilometers short of its intended target, the sprawling Mitsubishi Shipyards. As a result, its explosion over the Urakami suburb resulted in a lower death count than at Hiroshima. But the bomb's effects were no less hideous. At 500 m from the hypocentre 1,200 children and teachers died in the Shinryuwa Primary School. At Mitsubishi's steelworks, 700 m from the centre, 1,615 employees perished as metal walls blew in with an unstoppable fury.



Physician works in sea of rubble

And at the Urakami hospital, 5.5 km from the hypocentre, Akasaki had only begun to name his patients' injuries when a ghastly proscenium of dead victims began to emerge from the fire-flooded valley below. They came, their clothing in tatters, holding their arms away from their bodies in the pose characteristic of victims of massive burns. Akasaki and the surviving staff members were overwhelmed by the sheer number of casualties and the horrifying nature of their injuries. Afterward he

recalled, "My strongest impulse was to run away. I felt personally responsible." Still, he began treatment with the few supplies he could find.

Arrivals: The next day the Japanese Imperial government in Tokyo agreed to surrender. But that brought little relief to the *hibakusha*. Hundreds were dying daily and the few medical personnel who had survived could do little to help them. After the armistice, Canadian Franciscan priests, who had operated Urakami hospital before the war, were freed from conscientious objection and returned to the hospital to help. But other Japanese cities, which endured massive bombing raids by conventional weapons during the last months of the war, were too preoccupied with their own relief efforts to offer immediate help to Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

For the most part, the *hibakusha* were left to suffer in solitude. In Nagasaki many were from the city's Roman Catholic population, the largest in Japan. Having endured three centuries of persecution by Japanese nationalists, they were accustomed to trouble, and they stayed in their rented homes, consoled by their faith. Indeed, most said that they preferred to remain inside the bomb zone, making uproot from members of their own community.

But for many of the survivors there was worse to come. In the weeks following the blast, doctors in the two cities reported that apparently healthy residents who had escaped severe injuries were falling ill and dying. As what became known as radiation sickness took its victims ill, the victims' skin erupted with purple hemorrhages. These gases had and their hair fell out as hairless. Fear of the invisible epidemics did not fade until long after September rains faded much of the radioactive dust and red from the blast scene.

Guide: Efforts to rebuild the shattered cities were hampered by the chaos following Japan's surrender. Under the military government in Tokyo called wartime price restrictions ended and rationing was suspended. In the devastated cities, bosses, factories and officers had been ordered by blast



and fire. In Hiroshima, deaths and injuries virtually incapacitated the civil service. All that remained of the city hall was a concrete shell; there were no police stations, and the firewood had burned to the ground with the firetrucks still inside. The hibakusha spent an agonizingly cold winter dragging to life in makeshift shelters and shantytowns.

Cancer: Many of the hibakusha never fully recovered from their physical injuries. Victims of massive burns found their bodies covered with ugly keloids, tough, rubbery scar tissue that failed to respond to plastic surgery. Starting in the early 1960s hundreds of thousands of young victims died of leukemia. Since then, more hibakusha of the blood cancer have appeared, but they have been replaced by the so-called late effects of the bomb: thyroid, breast and lung cancer. Particularly worrying was damage done to infants and fetuses, some of whom suffered from mental retardation.

But in the four decades since the war, Hiroshima has emerged as one of Japan's most prosperous economic centers. The Mitsubishi automobile works exports cars around the world. Two blocks from the hypocenter, high school students take their compulsory civics classes around the devastated world, crowd against coasters at a Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet. Inside the main doors of the rebuilt Palau Department Store, where 40 years ago the soundest law in city earthquake casualty wards, a Louis Vuitton luggage boutique beckons wealthy shoppers. At the nearby Café Wren smartly dressed housewives sit their cappuccino with gold-plated spoons. Two bookends, Japan's ubiquitous "salarymen" (retired officials) still spend their afternoons at their desks in the anonymous medium-rise office blocks that dot the city. In the evenings they join the Municipal Baseball Park to cheer the local team, the Hiroshima Carp. The old village of students in brilliant lacquer cars is gray glass over the nearby Atomic Bomb Dome. Part of what was the city's Industrial Promotion Hall, the ruined dome is the only remaining example of the bomb's devastation, preserved as a memorial.

Peace: By contrast, Nagasaki is struggling to keep up with Japan's surging prosperity. The city's largest employer is still the Mitsubishi Heavy Industries shipyard, the world's largest. But in the past few years it has lost of thousands of workers as business drifted to more prosperous shipyards in neighboring South Korea. City officials say they now hope that tourism and high technology will turn the sleepy city's fortunes around.

Meanwhile, the two centers have become symbols of peace. Both cities have witnessed numerous anti-nuclear demonstrations in recent years, and each



Japanese survivors, celebrations in New York, a tendency to forget the war

will host special commemorative ceremonies in August to mark the 50th anniversary of their destruction. Still, despite this year's events, many hibakusha and city officials say they believe that their counterparts have forgotten their special plight. Declared Nagasaki Mayor Hisashi Nishitani: "There is a tendency now to forget the war. The Japanese want to forget about Pearl Harbor, to forget that the United States dropped the bomb." In some cases, famous children and grandchildren are pointed that the hibakusha are reluctant to talk about their experiences. Said Tokyo wallpaper designer Kenjiro Ito, whose grandmother survived the Nagasaki blast: "She never talks about it."



Indeed, many hibakusha appear to have blocked out their memories determinedly. The Japanese government has paid substantial compensation to over 600,000 victims for both victims, and even now teams of doctors are examining survivors, in Nagasaki and some U.S. cities as well as Japan, for physical aftereffects. But little attention has been paid to the psychiatric needs of the hibakusha. Most hibakusha say they believe that they can never come to terms with the scale of destruction. Akiko, 60, who worked for three years without pay and with merely a day's rest until he resigned from his hospital in 1948, suffering from mental exhaustion which almost led to a nervous breakdown. He spent a quiet year in the seaside resort of Yui, 40 km northwest of Nagasaki. Then, before returning to the hospital at Urakami, the Buddhist Akiko, reflecting on his spiritual ordeal, embraced Catholicism.

Peace: Akiko says that tortured memories are often revived by signs of modern Japan's prosperity. Suspicious television spectacles on New Year's Day remind him of December, 1945. He recalls sitting on an unheated neighborhood of Nagasaki during that north and wintering happy families, reunited with returned soldiers, making traditional New Year's rice cakes together. The scene contrasted sharply with life in the Urakami village, where shattered families lay in total darkness and misery. The scene is what had become a virtual dead zone. Thinking back, Akiko said that a world constantly hovering on the brink of nuclear war has a great deal to learn from the first atomic bomb. "The potential scale of war is so great that it has gone beyond the realm of human folly," says the hibakusha. "It requires man's darkest imagination." —JAMES MITCHELL in Nagasaki

Atomic Bombing Drop on Japan
Los Alamos Secret Disclosed by Truman
—headline in the Santa Fe New Mexican, Aug. 6, 1945

President Harry Truman's disclosure labeled Los Alamos "The Atomic City." While Manhattan Project physicists worked at several sites around the United States and Canada, it was at the small town in the northwest New Mexico—at a remote-top location selected for its remoteness—that a collection of the best and the brightest built the weapon that ended the war with Japan and began the nuclear age. Many of those scientists, including laboratory director J. Robert Oppenheimer, quickly left "the 101" to take up teaching posts; some of them voted regrets over the weapon they had created. Even Oppenheimer, who Los Alamos should be the done. But others believed it was too late to still the game back in the battle. Recalled 76-year-old Norris Bradbury, who in 1945 replaced Oppenheimer as director: "The Russians were already getting into the act on nuclear weapons. The British were in the act. The Germans knew how to do it. So where would it have gotten us to close the place down?"

Modern: During his 35-year tenure Bradbury led the lab out of its pasture sleep, and the town grew along with it. Los Alamos now is a combined city and county of 18,500 people with the highest per capita income in the state and one of the highest concentrations of PhDs anywhere. Apart from its still-spectacular setting, it bears little resemblance to the feared-in-jerseys camp of just one year ago. The town palaces have become a Mexican restaurant. On the site of the old wooden laboratories stands a modern county municipal building; the new lab—operated by the University of California for the U.S. department of energy—is a concrete complex sprawling across 43 square miles on a higher mesa, and its work includes peaceful programs in solar energy, space sciences and medical research.

But the main business of Los Alamos is still weapons, albeit far more of the lab's budget is defense-oriented, including work on state-of-the-art nuclear warheads and on President Ronald Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative—the so-called "Star Wars" program. One aspect in the \$1.6-billion-a-year White House project, designed to produce a space-based neutral-particle beam sensor—an alternative to the laser—to destroy enemy missiles. "This is a gamble," said Thomas Barfknecht, manager of

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Bradbury from Manhattan Project to Star Wars

the neutral-particle project. "This is an adventure." Not all residents are enthusiastic. Physicist John Manley, for one, a veteran of the Manhattan Project, calls Star Wars "a technical fix to a political problem" and he says that nuclear proliferation is a far more serious threat to the world. But those arguments are held by only a small minority in Los

Alamos. A peace group from Santa Fe, 50 km away, distributes leaflets periodically outside the lab, but Los Alamos's own Redwood Development, which numbered at most about 25 members, has largely melted. The Immaculate Heart of Mary Catholic Church seemed to speak for the majority of the town in a 1983 statement calling the Atomic City "a simple formulation" which "efforts to suppress the need to maintain a credible and credible deterrent force at all stages of disarmament."

Nostalgia: There is even greater agreement on events of the past, particularly among original residents. They remember the war years fondly, a nostalgia for younger days that happened also to have been important ones, and they make no apologies. On the contrary, the old-timers say that developing part of the atom bomb seemed inevitable, and it was their duty—performed with extraordinary trying circumstances—to ensure that the United States had it first. Many had lost family and friends in overseas fighting; they were proud to help and a husband war which, as far as they knew, the Japanese would not otherwise have abandoned without a long struggle. Said 71-year-old Elsie Peters, who served in the Women's Army Corps at Los Alamos: "We saved many lives, American and Japanese."

But for all the belief in their war work, there are ways in which residents want to downplay the town's bomb-building role, past and present. The Los Alamos County Chamber of Commerce no longer includes The Atomic City on its official itinerary, and citizens are quick to point out the lab's arbitrary research. Despite some outsiders' impressions—"People think we glow," said one physicist's wife—residents say Los Alamos is simply a nice place to live, with good schools, good dining and easy winters. "Barry" and Jane Mitchell, chamber of commerce director, "it becomes more like other cities." Still, no matter how unremarkable it appears, Los Alamos will always be the once-secret city on the mesa, the birthplace of the A-bomb—the little town that changed the world.

—RON LEVINE in Los Alamos

If learning to use a computer worries you, think back to the time when you mastered your first two-wheeler.



Remember what it was like before you learned to ride your first real bike. Your horizons were limited. You could go just so far and no further.

Then came the magical day when you looked back and realized that dad had let go of the seat. You were on your own. You were free. And the world was yours to discover.

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Is learning how to use it worth the effort?

After learning how to ride a bike?

The President's brief crisis

The first operation was intended to be a routine procedure: the removal of a small growth, or polyp, from President Ronald Reagan's forehead. To that end, the cheerful-looking President entered Bethesda Naval Medical Center, accompanied by his wife, Nancy, shortly after 1:30 p.m. on Friday. But with Reagan under only a local anesthetic, doctors discovered a second, much larger, growth. That led to Saturday's major surgery—and a brief crisis in the presidency because Reagan, about to receive a general anesthetic, had to relinquish his presidential authority to Vice-President George Bush. But less than eight hours later the 74-year-old President, dispelling his customary stupor and determination, was conscious—and confident. "I feel fit as a fiddle," he declared from his bed. "Give me a pen" And with it he resumed the full powers of his office.

Saturday's successful surgery, which began at 11:48 a.m. and ended two hours and 53 minutes later, produced no initial indications of cancer, a major concern in such operations. Further intensive examinations of removed tissue were set for early this week, and doctors did not rule out the possibility that cancer would still be found. But they stressed that even in that case, the disease would likely be isolated and treatable. During the operation surgeons removed not only the polyp itself but about two feet of the large intestine as well. At the same time, the President's doctors seemed likely to face criticism for not carrying out examinations that would have detected the abnormality sooner—particularly because his brother-in-law, Neil, has status of the colon, a somewhat hereditary condition.

The operation was described by physicians as advance *in situ* chemotherapy. It involved making an incision in the right side of Reagan's abdomen and cutting through the colon to remove the polyp, or villous adenoma. Just before entering the operating theatre, Reagan signed a

letter transferring presidential power temporarily to Bush. Doctors said that the President will likely spend up to 10 days in hospital and need as long as 10 weeks to recover fully. Presidential spokesman Larry Speakes said that when Reagan signed the letter he told his wife, "I'm signing these letters, but you're still my First Lady."

the constitutional powers and duties of the office of the President of the United States. I have determined that it is my intention and direction that Vice-President George Bush shall discharge those powers and duties in my stead, commencing with the administration of oaths to me in this position." The document continued, "I shall advise you



Bethesda Naval Medical Center; Reagan (below): major surgery and malignant potential

The document did not make clear whether Reagan intended to make a formal transfer of power under the provision of the 25th Amendment to the Constitution or whether he was merely making an informal provision to transfer authority if he did not recover. Later, an official source said privately that Reagan did not want to dramatize his use of the 25th Amendment because of the "temporary" disability on the part of the President.

The letter was addressed to Senate President Pro Tempore Strom Thurmond and Speaker of the House Thomas O'Neill—a constitutional requirement—and it said in part, "I am about to undergo surgery during which time I will be briefly and temporarily incapable of discharging

and the vice-president when I determine that I am able to resume the discharge of the constitutional powers and duties of this office." The letter to congressional leaders after Reagan regained consciousness said in part, "I am able to resume the discharge of the constitutional powers and duties of the office of the President of the United States." Bush's chief surgeon, Dr. Dale Olsen, "If the President needed to make a decision, he could make it."

For Reagan, the operation was his second major surgical procedure in four years. On March 30, 1981, he was shot in the chest by 25-year-old John Hinckley Jr. as he left the Washington Hilton Hotel. The bullet tore a three-inch furrow through the President's left lung, deflating

it right away. Then, doctors at George Washington University Hospital opened Reagan's chest, removed the "Devastator" explosive slug and refilled his lung. The President spent 12 days in hospital, and it was 10 weeks before doctors declared him fully recovered.

Currently, Reagan is occupying a 1000-sq-ft suite two minutes from the operating room. The suite contains a presidential bedroom, a conference room, rooms for his aides, two executive offices, a kitchen and a garage's station. Reagan said that two doctors slept in the suite on Friday night, and it was there that Nancy Reagan awaited the outcome of the operation with her brother, Dr. Richard Davis, and her chief of staff, James Bushnell.

On Friday surgeons removed a small part of the large polyp—found on the inside, the top of the large intestine, where the colon joins the small intestine—so accurate it fit snugly into a biopsy. That procedure, known as a biopsy, and a later colonoscopy, which provides accurate pictures of internal organs, indicated that the growth was not cancerous. But most doctors say that it will take much more intensive examinations of the polyp before the possibility of cancer can be ruled out entirely.

Dr. Zane Cohen, for one, a surgeon at Toronto General Hospital and chief of the University of Toronto's colon-rectal program, said that it would take several days to determine the seriousness of the President's condition. Added Cohen: "You can do 10 biopsies and still miss points of malignancy. Whatever they say before or after the operation means nothing until the pathologists have had a detailed look at the whole polyp. That can take several days. My guess is that it is malignant."

Whatever the long-term nature of Reagan's illness, many observers said that it may weaken his politically. Presidents serving a second term traditionally have difficulty avoiding a second term-and-chance image. And some insiders say that by turning over power to Bush, however briefly, the President may have provided his opponents and critics with a symbol they need to begin the race to the 1988 election.

Still, the transfer prevented the kind of confusion that arose after the assassination attempt on Reagan. At that time, then-secretary of State Alexander Haig declared, "I am not a lame duck." That day other members of the administration to make counterclaims to power, and days passed before Bush emerged as the leading official. In the current crisis, the essential dignity of Ronald Wilson Reagan managed to dominate the events.

—IAN ADAMS in Washington

THE UNITED STATES

The contender in waiting

He is known to his friends as "Pop-pop," a tall, lanky man with a reputation for hard work and unwavering integrity. And last week Vice-President George Herbert Walker Bush temporarily became the most powerful man in the world. He assumed that power after President Ronald Reagan turned over his authority while he underwent surgery. Bush, who harbors presidential ambitions himself after Reagan retired in 1988 at the end of his

have an office in the White House. He has built an impressive record as the leader of numerous special committees and task forces, including industry regulation. And last week he secured his place for a special panel on anti-terrorism. As well, White House officials credited the 61-year-old Bush with softening the President's objections to a Soviet gas pipeline to Western Europe. And while he does not possess presidential status when Reagan was

wounded by a would-be assassin in 1981, he earned wide respect for his delicate handling of the crisis.

Although critics say that his bland style contrasts sharply with the President's landlubbering charisma, Bush will be a formidable contender for the White House. After Reagan's scheduled retirement, Reagan and his wife, Nancy, have managed to evade a little controversy, the lack of which is traditionally the curse of the vice-presidential role. He is a Second World War hero who joined the US Navy as its youngest pilot and who was decorated for bravery in the Pacific. In Washington, he has served as director of the Central Intelligence Agency under former president Gerald Ford, where he deftly rebuffed



Bush with wife, Barbara: brief on-the-job experience

second term, immediately returned to Washington from his weekend home in Kennebunkport, Me. Invoking constitutional authority never before used, the President transferred power to the vice-president, confidently placing the nation in Bush's care.

Throughout his term of office the vice-president has earned a reputation for competence, although not brilliant administration. He has logged more

than 600,000 miles in his six years as the Reagan administration's program around the world. These previous vice-presidents have been frustrated by a lack of power and access to the President. Bush has weekly luncheon meetings with Reagan and sits in as cabinet members. Following the lead of his predecessor, Walter Mondale, he has become only the second vice-president to

have an office in the White House. He has built an impressive record as the leader of numerous special committees and task forces, including industry regulation. And last week he secured his place for a special panel on anti-terrorism. As well, White House officials credited the 61-year-old Bush with softening the President's objections to a Soviet gas pipeline to Western Europe. And while he does not possess presidential status when Reagan was wounded by a would-be assassin in 1981, he earned wide respect for his delicate handling of the crisis. Although critics say that his bland style contrasts sharply with the President's landlubbering charisma, Bush will be a formidable contender for the White House. After Reagan's scheduled retirement, Reagan and his wife, Nancy, have managed to evade a little controversy, the lack of which is traditionally the curse of the vice-presidential role. He is a Second World War hero who joined the US Navy as its youngest pilot and who was decorated for bravery in the Pacific. In Washington, he has served as director of the Central Intelligence Agency under former president Gerald Ford, where he deftly rebuffed



Rainbow Warrior after the bombing; Moore (below) is a 'smoke blow'

NEW ZEALAND

The assault on Greenpeace

Since its formation in British Columbia in 1971, the international environmental group Greenpeace has won millions of supporters for its well-publicized protests against Japanese and Soviet whaling and tests in the St. Lawrence and for antinuclear protests in the South Pacific. But it has also evidently earned itself deadly enemies. Last week, in the planned harbor of Auckland, New Zealand, an understaffed assault struck. Two explosives rigged into the hull of the Rainbow Warrior, the 180-foot Greenpeace flagship, during a 29th birthday party for American Steve Sawyer, a director of the group. Within four minutes the converted 30-year-old trawler sank in 46 feet of water. One member, photographer Fernando Pereira, 32, was caught below deck and drowned. The Rainbow Warrior and its crew had been preparing to sail in protest against French nuclear tests in Polynesia. Said a shaken Brian Jones, director of the British branch of the group: "There is a long list of powerful people, including governments, who would have been very glad to see an end to Greenpeace."

At week's end, New Zealand authorities, Interpol and other intelligence agencies were searching for an unidentified Frenchman who was seen aboard

the Rainbow Warrior before the blast. The man reportedly flew to Tahiti that same night. Police later recovered a Zodiac inflatable dinghy, abandoned two hours before the bomb went off, on a beach three kilometers away. New Zealand police also wanted to interview crew members of the French motorboat used to blow the Rainbow because it was to serve as the mother ship.

But at week's end the New Zealand government, which opposes French nuclear testing, said it would consider suggestions that a navy ship be sent in place of the Rainbow Warrior. Prime Minister David Lange, a vocal opponent of nuclear weapons testing, termed the Rainbow Warrior bombing "a major criminal act," although he cautioned that "a real effort for the Pacific will be a very extraordinary realization of what was essentially a pacific protest." He added that the government would limit

on substantial support for the estranged wife and two young children of photographer Pereira, a Portuguese with Dutch citizenship. Greenpeace, which relies on donations and subscriptions from its 45,000 members, last week established a fund for Pereira's family. Says Jones: "It is a sign of the times that even Greenpeace isn't excluded from terrorist attacks."



dead, the target of the explosion may have been the full directorship of Greenpeace. On the night of the bombing the seven directors were to have stayed aboard the ship below the waterline. Just hours before the explosion they decided to stay at a nearby beach house. Said Canadian director Patrick Moore: "We are all feeling quite lucky." Added Jones: "All the people who want to see nuclear killing, polluting and destroying our natural world are our born enemies."

The Rainbow Warrior was in Auckland to lead a "peace flotilla" to protest nuclear bomb testing by France at Mururoa Atoll in French Polynesia, 3,500 miles northeast of Auckland. The 10-ship flotilla was scheduled to arrive at the atoll on Aug. 6, the 40th anniversary of the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. Purchased by Greenpeace in 1977 for \$114,000 (U.S.) and painted in rainbow colors with white down at peace on each side of the bow, the trawler had just completed a 2150,000 (U.S.) sailing in Florida. The replacement cost is estimated at \$354,900. The Warrior was at the centre of Greenpeace protests against international whaling, toxic nuclear waste dumping off Britain, French nuclear testing and the Canadian seal hunt—during which it was impounded twice. According to Jones, the destruction of the Warrior was "a savage blow." Crew member Jim Keogh said that the flotilla of smaller vessels could not go without Rainbow because it was to serve as the mother ship.

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—HAL GIBSON, with John Mulvihill in Auckland and David North in London.



We're still breaking the rules

From the beginning, Saab engineers knew that to build a better car, they'd have to break some long-standing design rules. And they were prepared to do exactly that. [Why else would Saab have pioneered such innovations as front wheel drive, heated seats, and passenger car turbocharging?]

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Saab 900 Sports car flair with European style

At first glance, you'll recognize the Saab 900 Sport as something quite special. Its sleek lines elicit admiring

second looks (merely green with envy) in the most elite gatherings. Rally mag wheels, sun roof, and distinctive Sport badging add sports car flair to European performance sedan style. But there's infinitely more than the visual to stimulate your senses here.

More than "Skin Deep"

At the heart of the Saab 900 Sport is the road and rally-proven 2-litre, overhead cam, fuel-injected engine. Standard engineering features include power-assisted rack and pinion steering and four-wheel disc brakes, and gas-hydraulic shocks. From power plant to critical handling and

safety systems—the real beauty of the Saab 900 Sport runs deep. On serpentine curves, pot-holed city streets, or clean sailing super highways—it's pure driving pleasure.

Break away from the ordinary with the cars that "Break the Rules"

The only way to truly assess the performance of any car is from the driver's cockpit. Once you experience the luxury and ergonomic ease that Saab's innovative performance engineering delivers, you'll struggle at having to settle for anything less. [And there's no reason why you should.]

Get it all. Test drive the Saab 900 Sport, 900, 900S or Saab Turbo soon. Which ever one you choose, you'll be way ahead in "rule breaking" innovation and performance.

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Swedish engineering. Depend on it.

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Seeking clues to a tragedy

Investigators hunting for the flight recorder from the crash of Air-India Flight 382 blamed the undersea search to scanning "two or three foot-balls away" for a brief case with a metal pinlight. A sea robot, when television cameras last sunk that they had found the recorder in wreckage left on the ocean floor by the June 25 crash, search officials were both surprised and grateful. Investigators showed the French an underwater cable regular ship *Léon Tolstoy* radioed that a robot submarine the size of a light truck had retrieved the wreckage recorder from 1.2 miles below the surface of the Atlantic, about 150 miles southeast of Cork, Ireland. Then, manipulated through a control cable from the *Léon Tolstoy*, the unmanned sub retrieved a second "black box," the Boeing 747's flight data recorder, just 20 hours later.

Investigators regarded the retrieval of the recorder as a major breakthrough in seeking an explanation for the crash, which killed 329 people, most of them Canadians of Indian descent. Officials said that the recorder was provide vital indications of why the 40-year-old jumbo jet apparently broke up in the air at 32,000 feet and the end of the Montreal-London leg of a flight from Toronto to Bombay. As of last week they had found no physical evidence to prove or disprove conclusively the theory that the plane was destroyed by a bomb (page 44). Anonymous cables to *The New York Times* and the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. had claimed alternatively that Sikh or Kashmiri extremists destroyed the jetliner. The Atlantic crash came within minutes of an explosion at India's New York International Airport. There, two baggage handlers were killed when a bomb exploded in luggage taken off a CP Air Boeing 747 jet from Vancouver carrying some passengers suspected with an Air-India flight to Bombay.

In Cork search crews credited recovery of flight 382's recorder to the dexterity of the American-designed robot submarine, Searcher E. Designed in part by Bell Telephone Laboratories of Holmdel, N.J., and owned by an Atlantic cable consortium of American, British, French and Canadian governments, the submarine, the *Searcher* (Sikhs) retrievable Craft. Amongst, Repaire and Barial) specialists in laying and repairing undersea cables. It is fitted with as array of electronic equipment, including search, television cameras and a computer link. The *Searcher* is a

the *Searcher* to pick up signals from the recorder at a distance of 330 to 430 yards. The 13-foot-long, 6,800-lb submersible then made visual contact with its television "eyes" and used hydraulic claws to pick up the recorder.

But by week's end some investigators said that data from the flight recorder may prove inconclusive if the jet's electrical systems failed at the time of the



Retrieving a flight recorder: technical success

presumed explosion and shut off the flight recorder. Explained Canadian Air Safety Board (CASB) spokesman Ted Martin: "If the power cut off with an explosion, there would be no [usable] information as either one."

Adding to the controversy, Indian officials, who are responsible for the investigation, asserted that the flight recorder be flown to Bombay by air. British and American experts said that

to analyze the flight data. And Sikh spokesmen, saying they mistrusted the plan, called for an international task force. Said Gurmehar Singh, a founder and former president of the Federation of Sikh Societies of Canada, at an Ottawa press conference: "The India government has a very strong bias against us and they will do everything to further malign this community. They will make the Canadian government believe there was a bomb and that the Sikhs were responsible." But in New Delhi, S. B. Shikha, the head of India's civil aviation industry, insisted that his country has the necessary recorder-analysis facilities and added that he had "no objections" to including Canadian and American experts in the analysis team. With that, three North American specialists flew to Bombay from London—Pierre de Kervillat, chief investigator with the case, counterpart Jack Young from the U.S. National Transportation Safety Board, and Bernie Cogan, head of the Flight Recorder Playback Centre at the Canadian National Research Council in Ottawa.

As the technical post-mortem proceeded, police and political authorities grappled with security questions and the political aftermath of last month's tragedies. RCMP investigators in Canada mentioned rumors that the plane was blown up by Sikh terrorists who had also been involved in a failed plot to assassinate Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi just four days after the Air-India crash, the time in Richmond, B.C., charged a Vancouver Sikh, Rajinder Singh Parnell, with two counts of possessing a restricted and unauthorized weapon in a case arising from the brief detention of a man carrying a gun at Vancouver airport late in April. That same day another man was detained at London's Heathrow Airport with parts of an IED.

An Ottawa official had said that there were no charges yet, but because neither suspect possessed fully assembled weapons. Parnell was released on \$5,000 bail on June 25 and is due to stand trial on Sept. 30. For his part, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney responded to criticism from Gandhi last week that Canada has not been "tough enough" with terrorists. Canada's "border of fighting terrorists," countered Mulroney, "is second to none."

—MARCUS GRILL, with Mikko Mackenzie in Ottawa, Philip Winslow in Cork and Mary-Jane in Toronto

Rumors of a run on a bank

It was Stampede Week in Calgary, and in the windows of Northland Bank's Fifth Avenue headquarters printing cardboard envelopes piled with their paper bags bulking with money. But Northland president William Neugebauer had little to celebrate last week. A midweek report in the

and collapse caused by the weak Western economy. Said one executive in the Calgary office of a major Canadian bank: "Consider that 75 per cent of our loan losses are in Alberta, but for us that's only 30 per cent of our business. Regional banks do not have that luxury." Deposits of more than \$60,000 are not covered by the federal government's

bers—the \$21,000 shares traded on Thursday and Friday on the Toronto and Alberta stock exchanges roughly equal the amount traded in a normal month. A quarter of those shares crossed the floor in one trade 30 minutes after the markets opened Thursday. The fact that there were willing buyers—and that the price fell only slightly

have been expressing private concerns about Northland for months. And Neugebauer has learned that William Neugebauer for Finance Barbara McLaughlin was involved in a 1992 discussion concerning Northland immediately before her early July departure for Paris and a month-long French immersion course.

The government of Alberta is a solid supporter of Northland. Treasurer Lou Hyndman declared on Friday that the bank is "stable." The province is Northland's largest depositor, with about \$30 million in the bank, and a large creditor. Last month it picked up \$5 million of a \$16-million debt issue by the bank. In March Alberta joined Ottawa and the six largest Canadian banks in a \$250-million rescue of the CFC.

In Ottawa, Commerce Canada executive chairman Don Blenkins, who has heavily criticized Kenett for his reputation of CFC, told Maclean's that the central bank has lost CFC about \$1 billion since then. But Blenkins also emphasized that the Conservative government in Ottawa might be more candid about a bank in financial straits from the Bank of Canada that it would not allow a bank collapse.

Northland appears to be partly a casualty of CFC's misadventures. Declared Neugebauer "Northland is caught in a difficult spot that isn't just a normal circumstance." Still, the connection between the two has some foundations. Both are Alberta-based regional banks with a high proportion of commercial deposits and larger loans still on their books than the province's loan days in the late 1970s.

Most analysts say that Northland's management is making major efforts to restructure the bank's affairs and was new deposits said Neugebauer. "The thing we find expediting is that people aren't making financial decisions and we can make a difference." Since March, Northland's personal deposits have increased from \$360 million, or 30 per cent of the bank's deposit base, to \$500 million, Neugebauer said. The bank needs the cash to pay back its loans and to cover the actual extent of its borrowings from the Bank of Canada up to the end of May—the \$119 million that Neugebauer said Maclean's about last week.

Still, the adverse publicity has driven some customers to the bank. One man walked into Northland's Tare office last Friday and deposited more than \$200,000. He was doing it to return a favor, he told a branch official 15 years earlier Neugebauer, then a Royal Bank assistant branch manager, had lent him \$25,000 when he was in desperate need.

"The funny thing is," Neugebauer said, "I didn't even remember his name." At the same time, federal officials who would not discuss the affair agree,

After an OPEC blowout

It was the kind of confusion that the world has come to expect from a meeting of OPEC, the 25-year-old Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries in the lobby of a plush, four-story modern hotel. Bidders guarded exit waiting journalists while Austrian police escorted guests through airport-style metal detectors. In the hotel's parking lot, cars removed from the meeting, not the most powerful of the 12

And bank analysts said that lower oil prices would worsen the problems of several troubled western banks. Said University of Alberta economist John Liverman: "Whether credit deteriorates or becomes so tight that it gets to the point, the result is bad for Alberta. It's all a question of degree."

Still, most observers do not anticipate an imminent collapse of prices. Edward

Black, for one, chief economist of the Royal Bank of Canada, said that while OPEC

"is not strong enough to prevent a downward drift in oil prices, it is strong enough to prevent a chaotic decline."

Oil executives like

Art Price, president of Husky Oil Ltd. of Calgary, are also confident that prices will stabilize.

Husky plans to build a \$1-billion heavy-oil upgrade near Lloydminster, as the Alberta-Saskatchewan border, to transform 54,000 barrels of heavy oil a day into synthetic crude that is deemed to be as good as the

plant by 1990 depends on the price of oil. Said Price: "If we go to a new

and sustained base level of oil prices in the low 20s, then the project would not be attractive

—at that stage, there aren't many projects that would be."

One project that might survive a lower price is the huge Hibernia oilfield, located 175 miles off the coast of Newfoundland. According to Michael McCue, president of Enbridge, an Ottawa-based economic research firm, "Hibernia is still viable anywhere from \$15 to \$20 a barrel."

Oil producers insist that any drastic fall in prices would sap the cash of governments to protect the industry by cutting taxes on oil production. In Alberta taxes and royalties make up 30 to 40 per cent of the cost of a barrel of oil. But taxes on oil are a key source of revenue for the governments of Canada and Alberta. The result is a situation that would have been inconceivable a decade ago—Canadian governments

might be afraid that OPEC will make an agreement that will drop oil prices.

MAURICE CLARK, a former minister in Edmonton, says Ministers in Ottawa and Alberta are in a position that would have been inconceivable a decade ago—Canadian governments

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Northland Bank building in Calgary; president Neugebauer (below) stampede celebrations, talk of a collapse and public disaster

Edmonton Journal proclaiming that Northland, Canada's 14th-largest federal bank, with assets of \$1.9 billion, was losing customers, swiftly led to rumors that the bank was facing a run on deposits. That Neugebauer was faced with the task of trying to convince the public that no, smaller deposits would offset the large depositors who had withdrawn from the institution. The attorney Neugebauer told Maclean's, was "one of those phantoms that hopefully dies a natural death." Still, he acknowledged that since late May the bank has borrowed an additional \$119 million from the Bank of Canada—a sum already owed \$5 million—to cover cash shortages.

In the banking community every rumor is taken seriously—a bank failure would both reflect and cause structural problems in the economy. In the case of Northland, analysts said that large corporate depositors such as pension funds have been pulling out of Northland since March as a result of several other finan-

cial deposit insurance programs, said, as a result, large corporate holders tend to move their money quickly if they suspect that a bank is having difficulty. In Alberta analysts said that smaller

ly—appears to be a favorable sign for Northland. But at week's end other recent financial outages, the bank's past performance and the economy were all tending to undermine that confidence.

For his part, federal Inspector General of Banks William Kenett stressed that there was a deposit drain. "There isn't a run on the bank," he said. But Shioyevich declared that the bank was indeed in difficulty. "Maybe they don't have people lining up in the streets, but in my definition they're having trouble keeping depositors without assistance," he told Maclean's. "Isn't that the same thing?" At the same time, federal officials who would not discuss the affair agree,



The King of corporate traders

To his detractors among Toronto's easy business elite, he is the chief trouble of Big Steve, a rambunctious maverick with little respect for the established order. To his supporters, he is a brilliant innovator and relentless tactician who has revolutionized the staid Canadian securities industry. To Canada's most powerful business leaders, he is the chosen prince of deal-makers. He is James Russell Conacher, the 48-year-old chairman, 35-per-cent owner and driving force behind Gordon Capital Corp., a Toronto securities company. Last week Conacher's competitors waited nervously for Gordon's next move in concert with Power Corp., the giant Montreal-based holding company controlled by secretive financier Paul Desmarais. Said an executive with a competing Montreal firm: "We never know where we are going to see them next. But the whole industry is turning in their style."

After taking over control of Gordon in the mid-1970s, Conacher has transformed the 17-year-old firm into one of the most powerful brokerage houses in the country. And he has done it while drawing his nose at the clubby old boys' network that dominates Canadian business. At Gordon's headquarters on

the 54th floor of the Toronto Dominion Bank in downtown Toronto, the switchboard opens at 5 a.m. Key members of the staff of 160 arrive well before the daily morning meeting at 8:30, and the next latecomers are Basil Gordon, now executes about 32 per cent of all trades on the Toronto Stock Exchange, the country's largest. Last year the firm raised \$1.3 billion in new corporate stock

With lightning speed the Gordon traders buy and sell huge blocks of stock linking the country's buyers and sellers

issues, ranking it third in Canada after Dominion Securities Pitfield and Wood Gundy, both of Toronto, the previous year. Gordon was not even among the top 50 Conacher is so aggressive that someone once sent him a live piranha fish.

Last month Conacher masterminded the sale of a \$115-million chunk of Canadian Pacific stock for Power Corp. The appearance of prominent federal

Liberal Jean Chrétien in Gordon's Montreal offices has prompted speculation that Gordon will be a key player in Power Corp's next move. Chrétien's daughter, France, is married to Paul Desmarais's son André. Chrétien told Montreal's map that he had been hired by Gordon to handle "a particular piece of work."

His presence on the Gordon team illustrates Conacher's insistence on connections. Said one partner in the company: "Gordon likes only the best." And while many Bay Street blockheads scorn Conacher and Gordon Capital, they enjoy solid links to key players outside the establishment. In addition to Desmarais, Conacher has close ties to brothers Peter and Edward Heintzman, who have helped Gordon finance some of its more aggressive ventures.

Those links came under scrutiny last May during hearings held by the Ontario Energy Board, which, in part, investigated Gordon's role in another coup—the takeover of Union Enterprises Ltd., which controls the second-largest gas utility in southern Ontario, by Uniserv Canada Corp., a Toronto-based holding company controlled by trash entrepreneur George Mann. By last April, when Mann emerged victorious with 48.3 per cent of Union, Gordon had been accused of numerous infractions of securities regulations, including

the building of valuable information to some of its favored clients. But, after conducting an investigation the Ontario Securities Commission exonerated the company.

On the evening of Wednesday, June 23, when Mann threw a party in his Toronto home to celebrate the takeover, James Conacher had something else to celebrate. That morning four Gordon executives had flown to Montreal, where, by 4 p.m., they had concluded the deal to buy Power Corp's six-per-cent share of CP stock. Two hours later they arrived at Mann's house, where a smiling James Conacher informed guests that the Gordon team had already sold three-quarters of the shares. And, said Conacher, the next would be sold "by the time trading opened the next day."

The lightning speed of that transaction illustrates the key to Conacher's success—perfection of the "tough deal." Traditionally, companies wishing to raise or sell stock approach brokers, who agree to find buyers, any stock not sold in the responsibility of the company, not the broker. In a bought deal, the broker simply fronts the company a cheque for the stock and then finds buyers. Gordon's strength is its astonishing ability to quickly link the country's largest buyers and sellers. Gordon itself has a capital pool of about \$80



Conacher: dead men and a live dove

million, which he constantly turns over in such transactions, as well as access to money gathered from buyers tied up in advance and from outside bankers, such as the Brevinns.

According to James Pitblado, chairman of Dominion Securities Pitfield, the country's largest brokerage house, the bought deal was a risky ploy. Gordon pioneered its widespread use in 1983. Lately, he said, "It has become more of the norm." Pitblado, who, like Conacher, is a native of Winnipeg and a graduate of the University of Manitoba, squared off against his rival when he represented Union Enterprises during the Union-Uniserv confrontation. In late February, at the height of the battle, Conacher sent Pitblado a live turkey. Pitblado sent back a dead duck.

Conacher also sent corporate lawyer Howard Beck, a member of the prestigious Toronto firm of Davis, Ward and Beck, who was also acting on behalf of Union, a dead fish. Beck's response: a live, captive dove. For the Canadian business community, that peace offering was a symbol of how influential Conacher and Gordon have become, and how few businessmen can afford to pit themselves against them.

MARC CLARK, with Bruce Wallace in Montreal and Ann Sharkey and Patricia Best in Toronto.



When it pours, it reigns.

Tough talk about hard money

By Peter C. Newman

The best business book of the summer is *Hard Money* (Viking), a novel by Michael H. Thomas, a former Wall Street investment banker and *encomienda* creator who shrewdly documents the clash between Old and New Money in a multi-billion-dollar takeover battle between the two warring sectors of an early John D. Rockefeller and the narrative success of a late Henry James. Thomas depicts with telling effect just how money power works.

It's a world in which one of the female protagonists looks "as if she came out of the womb in a twin set and pearls", another "wasn't on eBay, the way a car runs on gas." Men compete for "luscious privileges" and expend most of their energies on social climbing, hoarding goods and chasing bedmates.

Unsurprisingly about the attempted reverse takeover of a large U.S. broadcasting empire, the book is really a platform for Thomas to promulgate some devastating insights. He discusses *The New York Times* as "the life-style journal of record," defines home as "where you know what to do with yourself on Sunday," and after wading up from a hangover confesses that his mouth "tasted as if the Syrian army was on field manoeuvres between my teeth."

No recent volume, fiction or nonfiction, has so cruelly caught what is at the heart of the capitalist ethic that nothing about people is as revealing as how they relate to money, because it defines their souls.

Just as evocative but very different is Harry Brown's thoughtful biography of Frank Soley (Macmillan), the spoiled king of Pison County, N.C. It is a long book about slow life, beautifully deflating the approach that has allowed as many hidden fortunes to flourish on our East Coast. Bruce enhances his reputation as one of Canada's top magazine writers by combining business reportage with his probe of Nova Scotia culture. The spectacularly successful growth of the Soley holdings through the appropriately named Empire Co. Ltd. can be understood only in terms of family. This is one of Canada's most successful dynasties worthy of the title, and Harry Bruce explains the reasons for its success and longevity.

Golden Days (Douglas & McIntyre) is the first book-length description of the rank to ride the goldfields at Hemlo, a pit stop off the Trans-Canada Highway

in northwestern Ontario. Author Matthew Hart's approach is eminently serious. His Baroque description of Murray Peters, the Vancouver promoter who started it all, are first-rate. "If there were no such invention as the mobile telephone," he writes, "Peters would probably have to maintain a whole crew of men, following him around strapping telephone wires behind him. You get the idea: this is a man who likes to stay in touch."



Thomas: out of the womb in a twin set

But when he gets into the metallurgy of the gold strike and details the agony of each drill core, the narrative goes down R/R, it's a worthy volume and here is a fine writer, even though his grasp sometimes exceeds his subject.

In *Letters of a Businessman to his Son* (McCreery), G. Kingsley Ward passes on the accumulated wisdom of a successful lifetime in business. A variation on the

Paul Aron theme *My Way*, the book tries hard to impart some useful hints on how to succeed in business. The bottom line seems to be that the confidence of character and circumstance far outweighs the value of training and ambition.

John Naisbitt, one of North America's most successful futurists, has narrowed his sights on his previous *Megatrends* to *The Four Absolutes* (Aurora), with mildly interesting results. Even if he often lapses into trendy slogans ("Yesterday is over") and emphasizes simplistic dogmas ("The middle class isn't disappearing, it's being redefined"), his basic thesis is sound. He downplays his view that North America is not in a recovery or a recession but that something much more important is occurring that we are changing economies.

It is in his descriptions of how this new phase affects daily lives that the *John Naisbitt* report gains currency. One example is his contention that the people who are really changing the workplace are the baby boomers who grew up on the networking style of the 1960s protest movements and who are now using similar techniques to turn corporate command chains upside down.

Another less scintillating and more fascinating look into the future is Peter Marsh's *The Space Business* (Penguin), which postulates the consequences of the new business that will be whirling in orbit above us by 1990. The author predicts that "after the initial mania, people will find it no more novel to buy goods stamped 'Made in Space' than to buy, nowadays, those produced in the Philippines or Taiwan."

These cosmic manufacturing platforms will take advantage of the special characteristics of space: low gravity, vacuum, freedom from imperatives and abundant energy accessible by tapping the sun's rays into electricity with solar cells. Marsh writes in such an authoritative style that his forecasts are the original products of this new technology read as if they were already available. Prototype factories are expected to be launched by 1990.

One of the most intriguing notions quoted in *The Space Business* is Arthur C. Clarke's suggestion that hospitals be built in orbit. "The infinite variety of detail presented by the cosmos, sun and clouds, the pleasure of peering out familiar landmarks and eyes of observing the streets of great cities by telescopes should reconcile the patients to their temporary exile."



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Coca-Cola brings back the 'real thing'

By Bob Levin and Bill Gladstone

The press conference heralded the return of the real Real Thing. At Coca-Cola's Atlanta, Ga., headquarters last week, chairman Roberto Goizueta announced that the U.S. firm was bowing to public pressure and reintroducing the original formula of its flagship brand, Cola—the same formula it replaced just 11 weeks earlier. In the United States old Coke will now be marketed under the trademark Coca-Cola Classic and sold alongside new Coke. “We have tested just,” said Goizueta in a message directed to old-Coke loyalists. Added Donald Krosch, the company's president and chief operating officer: “The passion for original Coke might as be surprise. It's a lovely American engine, and you can't measure it any more than you can measure love or patriotism or pride.”

When Coca-Cola introduced new Coke last April and sealed the product's 99-year-old secret formula in an Atlanta vault, company executives described it as the “hardest move” they had ever

made. That misadventure, designed primarily to counter archrival Pepsi Cola's inroads into the constantly expanding youth market, was based on a new blind demand four years ago by Coke chemists. Coke officials said that new Coke—sweeter and less fizzy than the original—consistently beat both Pepsi and old Coke in extensive taste tests conducted in the United States and Canada. But the estimated \$10-billion advertising campaign to launch the new Coke began to falter as increasing numbers of old-Coke drinkers protested the disappearance of the old product. As a result, Coke officials now admit, sales of new Coke, up eight per cent in May, leveled off in June.

Still, executives at Coca-Cola's Canadian subsidiary declared that the company would not immediately make the change. Norville Kirkham, Coke's Canadian president, said that Canadians have voted little outcry against old Coke's disappearance. Instead, Kirkham, who had been notified of the American action only one day earlier, last week announced the establishment

of a Canada-wide toll-free phone line to tap the feelings of the masses over the next three weeks. Declared Kirkham, who pledged to bring back old Coke if demand is strong enough: “Some Americans have said it was like tampering with the flag or altering the Statue of Liberty. We haven't seen the same kind of emotional reaction here, but I suspect that there may be a passive undercurrent from Canadian consumers.”

One possible reason for the muted Canadian reaction is that for almost 45 years Canadians have been drinking a sweeter blend of Coke—much like the new product. In fact, when new Coke was introduced in Canada bottles left the over-the-counter shelves, and only slightly raised the “fizz” level—an industry term for the ratio of syrup to carbonated water. It is that unique Canadian variety of Coke the company will reintroduce as Coke Classic if it finds that Canadians want it back.

But American reaction was strident, especially in Coca-Cola's “heartland” in the South, where, according to company officials, new Coke had performed dis-

appointingly. Said Jess Meyers, publisher of Chattanooga-based *Evening Post*: “They have hid a red-colored egg from our towns in Alabama.” All across the United States old-Coke lovers staged up the last available can of their favorite drink, and, except for their sit-in protest prices, in Seattle Greg Mullins, 57, a medical researcher and confirmed Coke fan, formed a group called Old Coke Drinkers of America. The organization spent what Mullins says was \$40,000 of his own and borrowed money to sell T-shirts, set up a walk-the-talk phone bank for protesters—and bring a class-action suit against Coke (subsequently thrown out of court). Saul Mullins, “I began to understand why the Magna Carta was signed. The company had taken away my freedom of choice.”

According to market analysts on both sides of the border, Coke is still it. The bubbly elixir, which includes carbonated water, sugar, citric acid, lime juice, cinnamon, caffeine and phosphoric acid, continues to hold a 23.7-per-cent share of the United States' \$20-billion soft-drink market, compared to 18.8 per cent for rival PepsiCo Inc. in Canada, where the market is worth \$12 billion. Coke commands a 21.3-per-cent share, compared to Pepsi's 16.3 per cent. But at PepsiCo's Purchase, N.Y., headquarters, officials expressed satisfaction at



Goizueta responding to old-Coke lovers

Coke's comeback. Declared company spokesman David Peabody: “They're admitting they blew it. New Coke has been a dud.” Still, Coke executives continue to express confidence in the new formula, and, says Gladstone, the addition of Coca-Cola Classic to the firm's other offerings—Fanta, Diet Coke, 919-calorie-laced Cherry Coke and the caffeine-free drinks such as Sprite and Minute Maid Orange Soda, now available in Canada and due in 11 U.S. states in the next few months—gives the company “the most formidable arsenal in the industry.”

Coke officials say that Coca-Cola Classic has not been part of any grand marketing strategy, contrary to the speculation of many consumers. But they add that they have been alerted by Wall Street's reaction to old Coke's reintroduction at week's end and Coca-Cola stock had increased by \$2.75 a share to \$72.75, its highest value in 12 years. But Pepsi-Cola plans to continue its aggressive marketing war launched in Chicago. Says a spokesman for Pepsi-Cola Canada Ltd.: “We're not concerned which way Coke goes, because Pepsi beat the old Coke in taste tests. We welcome the opportunity to compete with the old Coke again.” The question now is whether Coke can translate the first-fish enthusiasm generated by its latest move into long-term gains—and what new Pepsi challenges it might face. □

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Assumptions about an air crash

By George Bain

In 52 weeks preceding the week of June 24, stock in a firm called Sonair, primarily known as a maker of geophysical and geotechnical equipment for mineral exploration, traded between \$7 and \$8.45. On June 24, Sonair's decline on the Toronto Stock Exchange at \$9. On July 8, just five trading days later, Sonair was closed at \$18.50, up 75 cents on the day and up a cool 50 per cent in five days. "Industry observers," reported *The Globe and Mail*, "attributed the stock's performance to favorable publicity surrounding the company's new bomb detector device."

In the circumstances, "favorable publicity" had a distinctly maverick ring. The Sunday before Sonair took off—June 20—was the day Air-India Flight 182, bound from Toronto, via Montreal, for a first overseas stop in London, crashed, without warning, off the coast of the Irish coast. It was the same day that baggage unloaded from a CP Air flight, which may have included baggage for transfer to another Air-India flight, exploded in New Tokyo Terminal of Pearson. Two baggage handlers were killed there, all 329 passengers and crew died in the Air-India crash.

Intense coverage of those events in all the media—television, mail, newspapers, magazines, the works—glorified as first assumption: the Air-India flight crashed because of an explosion, the explosion was caused by a bomb planted by terrorists, the terrorists were Bihari, and the Air-India and CP Air connections were retained. A sudden burst of corporate security followed. Stories on a new wave of international terrorism bloomed everywhere. Almost no time was wasted on the basic premise of sabotage—which may have been correct, but which also, as still remains true, at the second stage, may be wrong.

The relationship between the oppositional reporting on the Air-India crash and Sonair's spurt scarcely can be called explicit cause and effect. The company, for one thing, had recently emerged as a sleek, futuristic of 1980s technology and products, and had any way, but of the judgment of *The Globe and Mail's* "industry observers" is to be relied on, as interpretation of events for which remarkably little evidence existed—and all of that substantial—earned an inbush on even the supposedly hard heads of investors. If a new

era of terrorism was upon us, the thinking seemingly was that the marketing of a sophisticated new device for sniffing trace amounts of gases emitted by explosives held the promise of growth.

Certainly, a rough survey of my own—25 people interviewed at random on the streets—showed how well the idea had been absorbed that the Air-India crash was the result of a terrorist act. Most respondents replied that the crash was caused by "a bomb planted by terrorists" or "a bomb" or simply "an explosion." Even among those who reserved judgment, none failed to mention a bomb first among probable causes. And why not? An artist's impression on the cover of this magazine—only one example of the triumph of conviction over uncertainty—also showed an aircraft resembling a Boeing 747 exploding in mid-air, beside a heading, "The last hours of Air-India Flight 182." In a similar vein, the premise of an interview

Go, Air-India in New York, the Cork Regional Hospital (where a large-scale rescue performance on bodies recovered from the sea), the supervisor of air traffic and control at Shannon airport, the investigation branch of the department of transport in London, the International Air Transport Association and the United Nations Air Agency, based in Montreal. They nevertheless had some interesting insights to offer.

For one thing, it had been anticipated that autopsy on the victims, by determining the nature of the injuries from which they died, would reveal something. The hospital in Cork, while hesitant to discuss what had been found, it was obliged to render all reports first to the state pathologist in Dublin, nevertheless yielded to the suggestion that, without divulging any of the secrets, it might say if they had been consistent of saying. Answer: no, they had been inconsistent.

The air-traffic controller at Shannon acknowledged that a section of tape taken at about the time the Air-India flight was down had been sent to London, he himself had not heard it. That was the tape that the CBC's The National, among others, reported an Indian source as having contained the sounds of two explosions and what may have been human screams. A spokesman at the department of transport in London said a copy of the tape contained various indistinct sounds, which may or may not have been in the Air-India aircraft, all strength in the vicinity are routinely monitored on the same frequency. The sounds were "such as you would get if you tapped a mallet with a finger," they were not readily describable as anything. An electronically enhanced copy of the tape was available for further analysis.

As well, the U.S. state department, asked of the vice-president's visit to the Air-India crash is a lot of recent American news reported on the Canadian side. The U.S. government replied, "Not at all. There is no concrete evidence."

What does this add up to? Nothing, which is the point. The reporting of the events of June 24 began with the conditions, which were dramatic, and gradually drew back to facts, which were less so—a reversal of what is supposed to happen, and not particularly useful either to our own credibility or to the readers, viewers and listeners who are our customers. Except, perhaps, for the few alert to the prospect of a Greek industry device for airport security.



Wendy crowd an unprecedented host of rock at the Woodstock of the 1980s

MUSIC

A day of rock and charity

It was the biggest, most lavish rock spectacle in history, opened at London's Wembley Stadium by the Prince and Princess of Wales and featuring most of pop's royal family. Last Saturday's Live Aid benefit was the "global jitters" that its organizers had promised, with a potential audience of about 1.5 billion in more than 150 countries, including China Superstars including Bob Dylan, Tina Turner, Paul McCartney and Grandson Neil Young and Bryan Adams took part, but the global event ended the event's aim of raising \$60 million for famine-stricken Africa. When Bob singer Joan Baez opened the compassion concert at Philadelphia's John F. Kennedy Stadium, she told Live Aid a "strong voice." What was for the 1980s, however, "What we have to do is move a little from the comfort of our lives to make other lives better and ours more real."

Live Aid presented its audience with an unprecedented feast of rock. Here were of bands including The Who and Led Zeppelin were reunited for the concert, which also included some musical duets. Mick Jagger performed on videotape with David Bowie and live in Philadelphia with Bruce. To give Live Aid a truly international scope, organizers included broadcasts of rock concerts in Australia, West Germany, Japan and even the Soviet Union.

Rock artists began to take on the look

of battling African hunger late last year when Live Aid's founder, 39-year-old Irish singer Bob Geldof—leader of the band Boomtown Rats—convinced a group of British musicians to make a benefit record. *Do They Know It's Christmas?* That single, the American and Canadian counterparts and various spin-offs have raised more than \$30 million. Geldof began organizing Live Aid only 10 weeks ago to sustain the money-raising momentum. Said the controversial Geldof: "I wanted to do this now, before compassion fatigue sets in." While Geldof approached performers, hundreds of volunteers set up telephones in 23 countries or helped to organize the event itself and TV coverage.

It appeared that those sympathetic performers would pay off. In addition to the \$6 million made from tickets, organizers earned \$5 million from corporate sponsors and several millions more from telecasting rights.

Organizers said that it would be several days before they knew how much money was raised through planned satellite donations and sales of Live Aid souvenirs. But as the festival wound down it was clear that Geldof had achieved his goal of rekindling compassion. If Live Aid was the Woodstock of the 1980s, it replaced its predecessor's tone of hedonism with a celebration of generosity. —PATRICK HENRY, with Nicholas Jennings and Shona McKay

Serendipity and risks

SUNKIRK WITH SEAMSTERS

By Paul Theroux
(Thomas Allen & Son, \$15.95, 251 pp.)

As a novelist, Paul Theroux has been celebrated worldwide for his cool stylistic brilliance. At the same time, the American writer's travel books, including *The Old Patagonian Express*, are prized for their wit, personal taste. The 50 short sketches and essays that appear in *Sunkirk with Seamsters* are typical of Theroux's more casual writing, in which he follows his whims with the serendipitous delight of a man on holiday. Originally published in magazines and newspapers during the past 20 years, the pieces reveal the truly global reach of the author's interests. Theroux is as comfortable in a steamy, rattling train in India as he is uncovering a little-known American chapter in the life of English writer Rudyard Kipling.

The earliest essays in *Sunkirk with Seamsters* are set in Africa, where Theroux taught school as a Peace Corps volunteer in the early 1960s. He was already displaying a talent for uncanny evocative images. In "The Cerebral Shogun," he describes gruffly goliath African men, "as if they were about to come apart any second, yet somehow all their flapping limbs stay miraculously attached." But despite his descriptive vivacity, Theroux's true interest in the human personality. His sly, subtle and perceptive sketches of Trinidad-born novelist V.S. Naipaul is one of the highlights of the book. According to Theroux, Naipaul was a self-styled character who indulged in eccentric behavior. When Naipaul's chauffeur offered him a ride, he took the offered ride. The African driver sat in the back seat, smoking in reserve.

But Theroux is much more than a curious observer. His search for new experience often involves considerable discomfort and even danger. In the captivating tale of his trip to nearly drowning during a boating accident off Cape Cod, to Theroux, such risks are worthwhile because "it is every traveler's wish to see his route to pure, unique and impossible for anyone else to recover." But by making one man's solitary search such a rich and varied one, *Sunkirk with Seamsters* makes both planners of everyone who turns the pages —JENN BROWN

The comeback queen of rock 'n' roll

By Brian D. Johnson

Tina Turner exploded onto the stage, her legs kicked with rhythm, her hipswagged mane looking as if it could ignite from the energy. For an hour and a half she charmed, scintillated and shivered her way into the hearts and minds of 3,000 Newfoundlanders who packed a St. John's hockey arena last week for the first concert of her North American tour. The ancient veteran in pop music arrived onstage in white buckskin pants, changed halfway through her show from an ostrich-feathered gown into a latex cloth and halter top layered with diaphanous chain-mail and exited in a black leather mini-dress (it paid the big fat tip) as her singing voice—the harrowing sound of friction between steel and rock—that drew the crowd to the stage. At the age of 46, Tina Turner has never been hotter. As she is fond of saying to her audiences, "They ask me when am I going to slow down, and I tell them I'm just getting started."

After nearly three decades in show business, Turner has emerged as America's reincarnated queen of rock 'n' roll. With the runaway success of her comeback album, *Private Dancer*, which has spawned four hit singles, earned three Grammys and sold eight million copies during the past year, Turner's annual 90-day seizure in Newfoundland had all the impact of a royal visit. Exhausted after a three-month European tour, she chose St. John's as a quiet place to try out a new show before taking it to 66 cities across North America, including 31 in Canada. At the same time, she is winning critical raves for her starring screen role with Mel Gibson in the science-fiction thriller *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome*. And the misanthropic spring of her biography, by Rolling Stone magazine writer Kurt Loder, which includes a graphic account of her 14-year stint as the battered wife of band leader Ike Turner, promises to be a major publishing event. To help prepare the book she had to overcome a distaste for discussing her past. "I think a lot of what," she said, "but I did it."

There is a storybook quality to Turner's life, and her ability to act out her songs in video vignettes helped propel her to stardom. Now she has gone a step farther by dismantling her film persona with her musical resurgence. In fact, she hired *Thunderdome*'s costume supervisor, Jenni Bolton, to help tailor her image on the tour. The char-

coal that she wears onstage is a re-frills version of the 70-lb. suit that she wore in the film. And *Thunderdome*'s bold anthem, *We Don't Need Another Hero*, is already rising on the pop charts. Turner is infinitely sweeter as a singer

Turner: "I want to do really heavy songs—things I'd like to do a female version of Sylvester Stallone's *Rambo*." Recently, she absconded Hollywood by repeatedly turning down an offer to star in director Steven Spielberg's film *The Color Pur-*



Ravens as April 24th, an amazing moment of synchronicity after years as a ballroom wife

than as the crust-lipped Aunt Entity in *Thunderdome*, but in both roles she is an undeniably commanding force.

Interviewed last week in her St. John's dressing room, the five-foot, four-inch Turner, wrapped in a blue jersey-towel, talked about the kind of star she would like to become. Said

job, based on Alice Walker's novel about a poor black woman growing up as a victim of brutality. Said Turner: "Black people can do better than that. I've lived that life with my husband. I've lived down south in the cotton fields. I don't want to do anything I've done."

The past that Turner is determined to

escape began in the day town of Nut-bush, Tenn. She was born Anna Mae Bullock and grew up picking cotton with her sister, her Baptist sharecropper father and her half-Cherokee mother. Her parents separated when she was a teenager, and at 19 she and her sister joined their mother in St. Louis, where she saw her first big-city band, the Turner and His Kings of Rhythm. One night she grabbed the microphone and wrenched the instrument that her biographer would later describe as "a voice that

pottered with her appearance as the Anti-Queen in Ken Russell's film *Tommy*. But as Tina's star rose, she became an increasingly brutal boss. "I was a little slave girl," she recalled. "He would beat me so." One night during a tour in 1976 Tina struck back for the first time, then walked out with just 38 cents and a handful for her name. Later, she divorced him without asking for any money or property, but was saddled with thousands of dollars in damages from the exorbitant tour. Ultimately, she re-



Geology in St. John's: displaying a scintillating sexuality and a raw, soulful voice

could fuse polyester at 50 paces."

During the late 1960s Ike and Tina Turner became white America's favorite black soul rears. Inspired by the British invasion is 1966 of Tina's *River Deep—Mountain High*, the two issued with *The Balling Shoes*. And in 1975 her frenetic stage presence gained con-

verted to the stage with her own Las Vegas revue. Said Turner: "You get a little bit of everything with me—laughter, sex, sadness and there's energy."

Turner's transformation from rapper club singer to rock superstar was guided by Roger Daltrey, the Australian man-

ner who took over her career in 1982. Two years ago Daltrey teamed her with members of the British electric-blue band Heaven 17 to record. At Gross's and cassette *Let's Stay Together*. It became a major hit in Britain, her U.S. record label gave her \$150,000 and she had two weeks to come up with an album. Privately, Daltrey was a little bit of a petulant cat, and despite that petulant approach Private *Dancer* proved to be a cohesive and powerful package. Such discursive songs as *What's Love Got to Do With It* and *Best Be Good to Me* failed to form a fresh image for Turner as a wise survivor of the sexual wars. Said John Martin, programming director of the MuchMusic rock video network: "Her success corresponds with a new way of looking at sexy, self-asserted women. She's doing it on her own and she's a heroine because of that."

Just as Turner hopes to steer her music career toward machine-gun heroism, she is anxious to push her name to the front lines of rock 'n' roll. She relishes her recent duets with such superstars as Mick Jagger and David Byrne, realizing that she is the only female performer who shares their chaotic streak. Declared Turner: "When we're talking about the guys who can pack those football stadiums, you're talking about the ones that the girls love. So it's like breaking the rules for me to get a chance to be with them."

Despite her "tough mama" image, the private Turner appears to be considerably less aggressive than the public one. Practicing Buddhism for the past 10 years, she has developed a remarkable talent for focusing her physical energies. Said *Thunderdome* director George Miller: "I've never seen anybody who could be on the one hand so energetic and on the other so still." Turner herself claims that her reputation as a "strong, scary woman" is misleading. Success has allowed her to pay off about \$500,000 in debts and to support seven family members, including two of her children and two of Tina's. Living in a relatively modest home in Los Angeles as both she remains romantically unattached. Said Turner: "I haven't really had time to find anybody."

During the past two weeks in St. John's, Turner passed up a deluge of social invitations for everything from dog-judging to helicopter rides. Her sole priority was to prepare the show that would put her on stage with the Boppers and the Beatles of the world. Unlike her heroes, Turner does not write her songs and she interprets them in a way that makes them her own. In one of them, *I Hope There's a Girl in the Sky*, she sings "I remember the girl in the field with me, I remember myself as a lost, strayed survivor, yes, I'm here because a name that no one will forget."

PEOPLE

British actress Susan Woodridge, in her 30s, had decided to shun her 10-year stage career in 1981 when Britain's Granada Television asked her to audition for the role of Daphne Blenkins in the 15-hour series *The Jewel in the Crown*. Woodridge, who had been nagging her theatre income with odd jobs, including delivering parcels and clearing houses, declared, "I was going through a rough time." She won the Crown part but resented no more offers during the 38 months before the series went on the air. Then, she recalled, "I had six offers the day after it was screened." She has now completed five TV productions, one stage engagement and last week was in *Lae La Taka*, a northern Alberta, starring in a Canadian-U.K. co-production called *Loyalties*, her first major role in a feature film. Still rarely recognized on the streets of her native London, she has ample and enthusiastic fans who greet her in *Lae La Taka*. Said Woodridge: "It is absolutely beautiful here. I am having a ball."



Woodridge: delivering parcels and clearing houses

In September CBC TV's *Jewels* cohost and documentary producer Mary Lou Finner, 38, will fill a 15-year-old promise to herself when she joins the back-to-school populace at Harvard

University in Cambridge, Mass. One of the 20 winners of this year's Nieman Fellowship awards, Finner plans to study politics and economics, concentrating in Latin America, during her stay away from The Journal. "Substitutes are a great idea," said the veteran broadcaster, who graduated with honors from the University of Ottawa in 1967 and passed up an opportunity to enter law school in 1970 when she accepted her first TV assignment.



Finner: "hard to leave"

—cohost of the CBC Ottawa daytime talk show *Four for the Road*. After 16 years in broadcasting on such shows as *Talk 30*, *As It Happens* and *Love D Up*, Finner says she is "looking forward immensely" to her year at Harvard. Added Finner: "Who says journalists do not need to learn? I am looking forward to concentrating. What a luxury, eh?"

The timing was right when The Toronto Star's staff at the Ontario legislature presented government Whip Steve Smith, 37, Liberal MP for London South, with a custom-made leather whip last week. A page delivered the \$40.88, three-foot, braided cowhide leather whip, with a black leather handle, to Smith in the legislature an hour before a broadcast that cleared most of the seats and set the lefts clapping.

On the most hallowed ground of the game—Centre Court at the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club—Boris Becker, 21, of West Germany lunged and crashed, roared, served and smiled, played sweeter with a tennis ball—and made history. With the game's reigning titan, John McEnroe, Ivan Lendl and Jimmy Connors, eliminated, Becker defeated naturalized American Kevin Cames, 35, a native of South Africa, last week to win the Wimbledon men's singles championship. With that he became the youngest and the first crowned champion in the tournament's 89-year history. After it was over, Becker's parents, who had seen their son only three times in the past year, informed the teenager that his grandfather had died before the tournament began. The six-foot, two-inch, 175-lb blond was almost unknown before winning his first tournament, the Queen's Club in London, the month before Wimbledon. But he had already signed \$85,000 in endorsement contracts and—although he does not have a driver's license—took up a tax-sheltered residence in Monte Carlo. Then preempted the respected German weekly *Der Zeit* to brand Becker a "tax evader." Still, the winner of the \$267,000 Wimbledon prize received an overwhelming welcome when he returned home last Friday. Said Becker: "I think this will change tennis in Germany. They have never had an idol, and now maybe they have one."

—EDITED BY BETTE LADENBERG

Becker: endorsements and a tax shelter



BEEFEATER: Spirit of England

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FOR THE RECORD

New directions in jazz

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST

Miles Davis
(1986)

Since his comeback in 1981, many fans have expected trumpeter Miles Davis to resume his role as an innovator of jazz. But on the ferocious jazz-pop album *You're Under Arrest*, Davis gives his band rigid marching orders which leave no room for musical invention. He limits the rhythmic sections to a frenetic loop, while he provides acerbic solos that closely follow the gossamer melodies of *Morraine*, *MBC* and Cyndi Lauper's pop hit *Time After Time*. Even when guest guitarist John McLaughlin looks off kilter with a blistering solo, a coldly calculated synthesizer line overrules his efforts. The album's curtness, *Woman Nature*, features Davis talking about a fictional drug bust. The piece tries to restore Davis's "bad dude" image, but, like so much of *Arrest*, it merely lapses into silliness. By pandering too hard to popular tastes, Davis comes perilously close to becoming a major jazz snare drummer.



Davis: Inher choice to classic swing

THE THIRD DECADE The Art Ensemble of Chicago (ECM/WEA)

The Art Ensemble of Chicago sprang up 30 years ago amid a burgeoning interest in Afro-American culture. Led by saxophonist Roscoe Mitchell, the five-man group sought to explore the breadth of black music by combining rhythm and blues, tribal chants, free-jazz wailing and classic swing. Despite such ambitious aims, the ensemble made good on its promise and is still going strong. The anniversary album, *The Third Decade*, is one of the group's most accomplished recordings to date. The opening piece, *Prayer for Jimbo Kwon*, is a stirring memorial to black soldiers around the world which builds from a solitary synthesizer prelude to a full, solemn march. Two of the best tracks nod aggressively to jazz history: Mitchell's *Walking in the Moonlight*, a slow swing waltz, and trumpeter Lester Bowie's *Zero*, an alternately sleek and bombastic big-band extravaganza. The album closes with the tale cut, compiling African percussion and furiosa improvisations, which manages to look back on jazz origins while pointing to the music's future. That it can do both in a single composition attests to the enormous talents of one of the world's most adventurous jazz ensembles.

—BRIFF TERRY

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FILMS

A bumpy ride along the western trail

SHIVERS

Directed by Lawrence Kasdan

Shivers begins deceptively as a variation on the classic western where one of its four heroes, Emmett (Scott Glenn), is besieged inside a

Denatchy, and turns down his job offer because he suspects Cobb of operating outside of the law. In a saloon the two of them stand up for a black man, Mal (Danny Glover), who is refused a drink because of his color. At last, Emmett and Paden fall in love with the store

Emmett's horse, Silverado, they pass one beautiful, empty view of landscape and valley after another. When they reach their destination Paden relents to his suspicion of Cobb and goes to work for him, unaware that Cobb is really in league with the cattle baron McKendrick (Roy Baker), whose men attacked Emmett in the chair.

At that late point Kasdan introduces the film's most emotionally affecting relationship, between the Jewish saloon manager, Stella (Linda Hunt), and Paden, who admire each other's pacifist philosophy and integrity. Emmett pays a few calls on Hannah, now a widow, whose clichéd dialogue includes, "After a while I won't be pretty, but this land will be." Meanwhile, the evil cattle baron has driven Mal's father off it. When McKendrick kills the father and kidnaps John and Emmett's nephew, Angie (Tim Brown), events finally build to a climax involving the entire cast, a lot of back-shot and a cattle stampede. It is only during that concluding half-hour sequence that Shivers whips up some excitement and becomes a raucous action picture.

The movie's central problem is that it keeps jumping back and forth abruptly from the serious to the comic, destroying any continuity of tone. One minute Emmett, Paden, Jake and Mal are jostling around the stampede and the next they are reuniting a wagon train. Shivers is much too lighthearted to ever achieve any emotional intensity. Among the large and talented cast, only Kline's character is fully developed. As Mal,

comes Jake Cross, who plays the town's medical sheriff, make little more than cameo appearances. The sheriff has jailed Emmett's father, Jake (Kevin Costner), who is waiting to be hanged for murder.

Shivers is not as much plotted as graphed, awkwardly unweaving its convoluted tale. Kasdan relies heavily on coincidences, when Emmett and Paden help Jake escape and a posse tries to catch them, Mal miraculously arrives to help them out. Still, John Bailey's cinematography deserves an A+ for its use. As the four principal characters journey to

Glower dogs with uncertainty, while Glenn dies a noble imitation of Clint Eastwood. Arquette is left with one emotion—astonishment—and Hunt's role is memorable but frustratingly truncated. The movie suffers from 19th-century speech and corny, over-the-top confounding effect. Jake's dialogue belongs more on a California beach than in a western jail. Running at more than two hours, the movie is both a chronicle of a long trek and a test of the audience's stamina. Its many jokes never manage to make the trail any more

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Kline, Hunt, Glover and Denatchy (above); Glenn and Tim Brown (below): poor punny





Hanks, Phoenix and Presson: stereotypical kids on an unlikely mission to the stars

Elusive dreams of space

EXPLORERS
Directed by Joe Dante

Of the many science-fiction films currently aimed at adolescents, *Explorers* is by far the hardest to swallow. The story of three boys who fly to outer space in a hand-built craft is laughably incredible. And when they reach their destination, outer space turns out to be a gigantic bore. The emotions in *Explorers* are forced and it is full of clichés, starting with the characters of the three boys themselves. Ben (Kieran Harkin) is a poetic sort who gets up in the middle of the night and scribbles down his dreams. Wolfgang (Oliver Phoenix) is a bookworm and computer wizard who falls prey to the school bullies, and Darroo (Adam Presson), whose father is a heavy drinker, comes from a shabby end of the wrong side of the tracks. As stereotypes of American youth the characters are highly predictable, devoid of individuality and totally without warmth.

For a movie that carries its characters to outer space, *Explorers* manages to create little suspense. After Wolfgang's computer mysteriously conjures up an electromagnetic force field which will make space travel possible, the boys busy themselves with collecting junk to build their spacecraft. But by the time they finally get it airborne to fly over the town, cranking through a drive-in convenience stand on the way, the effect

is altogether anticlimactic. A helicopter pilot who has been having dreams similar to Ben's—actually communismists from alien to outer space—spots the boys and their craft and becomes suspicious. He tries to make contact with Ben, he dreams the strange dreams they have in common, but Ben sees it time for him and his friends to lift off on their space voyage. With that, the pilot makes his exit from the movie, never to be heard from again. Even more anticlimactic is the trio's journey into the bowels of the spaceship, with its drab, metallic interior of tubes, curves and cul-de-sacs.

In stretching the story line to feature length, a great deal of padding has gone into the movie. The alien turn-out to be children who resemble ants, fairy creatures. Their knowledge of human comes entirely from television transmissions from Earth, and they must endlessly the speech patterns of those things they have seen on television. At first, the alien's impressions of W.G. Fields, Humphrey Bogart, Ed Sullivan and various women in well-known commercials are mildly amusing. But after half an hour of repeated impressions the novelty wears thin.

Joe Dante's track record as a director is impressive, including such innovative films as *The Howling* and *Gremlins*, and for that reason *Explorers* is especially disappointing. Early in the movie he manages some nicely observed details, particularly with an experimental

mouse which Wolfgang keeps in his basement laboratory. Thought to press its tiny paws onto a series of levers connected to various word sounds, the mouse is able to speak, "I want my cheese" whenever it becomes hungry. There is also a cat that jumps after the mouse and jumps into Wolfgang's computer terminal, wreaking havoc in the basement. And when the boys read a junk heap at night, they keep a fierce guard dog preoccupied with a large wad of chewing gum while they passageway through the junk. The animals always stare in *Explorers*, while the humans get hopefully short shrift.

Unfortunately, while great expense was lavished on the movie, there was little variation in its making. Much of the \$20-million budget went into special effects, none of which are extraordinary. In one of Ben's dreams he flies over an enormous computerized circuit board, which is a pale version of the dazzling *Day-Glo* seen in *TRON*, the first computer-inspired movie. And to make matters worse, the movie's dramatic function is never explained. The rest of the effects—flying saucers, crafts bobbing about in space and objects being hurled around—are quite run of the mill by today's standards. There is plenty of talk about the power of dreams in *Explorers*, but the magical quality never materializes. The movie-makers have forgotten the prime dream ingredient—imagination.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

NACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *Skeleton Crew*, King (2)
- 2 *Tomorrow Comes*, Sheldon (3)
- 3 *The City House Rules*, Aron (3)
- 4 *Chaparroneaux*, West (1)
- 5 *Islands*, Oswald (1)
- 6 *Twelve*, Adams (1)
- 7 *The Burning House*, Smith (7)
- 8 *Sold the Dream*, Bradford (5)
- 9 *John Seckert*, L. Mowbray (1)
- 10 *Thinner*, Shachtel (1)

Nonfiction

- 1 *Islands*, Adams with Neech (1)
- 2 *A Passion for Kitchens*, Brown (1)
- 3 *Nonfiction*, Ziegler (1)
- 4 *Breaking with Nature*, Strachan (1)
- 5 *Heart of Oak*, Foster (3)
- 6 *The Bazaar Report*, Sussman (4)
- 7 *The Candidate*, Fiala (1)
- 8 *Dr. Albrecht's Best Type Program*, Albrecht and King (7)
- 9 *Trainer, Finger and Joke*, (1)
- 10 *The Making of a Psychoanalyst*, Jaynes (1)

(1) Fiction best seller

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Time travellers in the Arctic zoo

By Allan Fotheringham

In a few days six middle-aged men will set off in a quest to explore the Canadian wilderness—and themselves. It is the 12th year of a summer ritual high-pressure guys testing themselves against the wild rivers of Canada. The expedition is the creation of Craig Oliver, the picaresque Washington correspondent of the CTV network, who is also frequently seen as *Canada A.M.*, following in the footsteps of the slightly better-looking Dan Walsh. Oliver and this year's gang are flying to Sachs Island in the Beaufort Sea in Canada's Arctic. As far as he can figure, it will be the furthest north any Canadians apart from Eskimos have sailed. With him are Phil Johnson, the former Pierre Trudeau aide who is now a vice-president of Power Corp.; Senator Peter Scudler (known as Sharp because of his ability to do simple, strong tasks); Denny Harvey, boss of CMC's English-language TV; John Godfrey, president of Halifax's King's College; and Tim Kotchell, director of CTV News (i.e. Oliver's boss).

The expedition, two to a canoe, will explore the Arctic rivers on the island, where there are still moose- and caribou-like. It is a sea of Arctic archipelago (that of the means ship) leading for the last explorer Sir John Franklin was located in the ice here for three years in the 1870s. The crew finally walked out—at a spot where Oliver's gang will start their journey. It's a good test for these high-pressure men, away from the politics, corporate backstabbing and all those other modern-day qualities that make 20th-century life so appealing. "You can't see your way down a river," says the expedition leader.

Oliver, the hyperactive guy jokingly dubbed Prince Valium by his CTV colleagues, is obviously an adventurous bloke. He was raised close to wilderness, since he is from Prince Rupert, high on the British Columbia coast near the Alaska Panhandle. He is a buddy of another Prince Rupert product, Iona Gagnon, (He hit the big time while Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

at the local radio station when his week or days at the dock are dug, answered King Crosby landing with Phil Harris and his other drinking buddies from a fishing yacht. She proudly told of her broadcasting set and how nice it would be if King would drop in the station. An around Crosby showed up and asked an unattended and drastically impressed radio staff for "my lovely Craig". It was his day off. Once, at a Joe Clark press conference in Prince Rupert, Maurice McInnes got up and started to attack the media vilains, including one TV reporter called Craig Oliver. Craig's mother, 18

carrying a pistol, explained that it could have led to real trouble. Trudeau demanded to know how many bullets were in the pistol. The reply was, Trudeau shrugged.

Oliver, who spends months preparing the equipment and the formidable logistics, has over the years led his men through rivers all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to Alaska within 60 km of the Russian border. His canoeists have traced the path of the Gold Rush in the Klondike. This two-week trip is aimed to terminate in McInnes Strait at the date when you can watch the whales breed. Not too far distant from Washington and Toronto office politics, after all.

You have to be fit, needless to say, for these journeys. Godfrey sings around business for the entire enrolment at the college he runs, and almost always wins Kotchell lifts weights. Oliver has run two marathons. One year a cocky and well-known Ottawa operative talked his way aboard and proved to be so inert that he almost drowned his companion in an ill-advised frog into a dangerous stream and one of the veterans pulled a pistol, threatening to kill him if he did not behave.

There are constantly such debates about portages to cross, leading to arguments about holding a "leadership contest" to dispute Oliver's position.

When it came up on Trudeau's year, he advised Oliver to quit—and thus wait for them to persuade him to come back two years later, as Joe Clark fell, Trudeau did exactly the same. Every evening, after they break camp, Oliver goes around formally to each guest, asking that if they happen to be "free this evening" and have nothing else to do, would they care to drop in for cocktails—run (overpriced) drinks. It is the only liquor allowed aboard. At night they read the diaries of early explorers. Oliver claims that in the last wilderness left in the world. The Soviet Union has two cities larger than Winnipeg in its Arctic wastes. His men don't violate a square, they bring in no engines, no gasoline. "It's like walking back in time 1,000 years. You lose your identity." Better than jogging.



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